

Several of us here look forward with increasing interest each month to The Reader's Digest. You deserve high commendation for focusing so much desired information and so many themes of widespread interest to a point easily accessible to busy people.
—H. J. Brooks, Vyara, via Surat, India.

Enclosed find my check for a two year subscription to your magazine. I was delighted when presented with a year's subscription to your booklet, and now of course I cannot afford to be without it. It just meets the need of our present complex existence. I have never been a magazine reader, being too busy to plod through the lengthy articles; but when reduced to facts only, with the padding left out, every one can find the time. I want to compliment your workers on their excellent judgment in their selection of subjects and the way they are handled, also their fairness in presenting all sides. I assure you no one of your subscribers can possibly appreciate more than I what you have given us.—Mrs. Ruby V. Chapman, Clift Hotel, San Francisco, Calif.

I simply can't get along without the Digest, no matter where I go!—Chas. H. Barlow, Golden Charlot Mine, Julian, Calif.

Enclosed find \$3.25 for which please send the Reader's Digest to ———, West China. I enjoy your magazine very much myself, and feel that with the discriminating selection of articles, the careful editing, and the compactness of size that it will be a very welcome gift to one who is on the foreign field.—Fred B. Morley, 500 Morgan Ave., Palmyra, N. J.

What a wonderful publication your little magazine is! It's the finest thing in print that ever came into my office. However, the March issue got some kind of a twist somewhere. Sixteen of the articles named in the index do not appear in the book. Fourteen of them appear twice. Whose birthday was it? . . . I am returning the copy you mailed to me with a double request, viz., please send me a correct copy if you have one, or return this one to me. . . . Please understand, this note is not meant to be in the nature of a complaint. I regard half the paper as being worth the whole subscription, but it's too good to miss any of it if one can procure it all. . . . My compliments to the boys responsible. I'm glad they had such a good night.—Arthur T. Easton, Tillamook, Ore.

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Topics in Brief

Excerpts from The Literary Digest

All the Constitution guarantees is the pursuit of happiness. You have to catch up with it yourself.

—*Detroit News.*

Ladies who went in bathing used to dress like Mother Hubbard. Now they dress more like Mother Hubbard's cupboard.—*Tampa Tribune.*

A bird in the hand is bad table manners.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Scales are too often on the eyes of Justice instead of in her hands.

—*Wall Street Journal.*

The really hard thing is to be able to say whether it is opportunity at the door or another demonstrator.

—*Detroit News.*

Signals help. When the driver in front holds cut his hand, you know he is going to do one of three things.

—*Youngstown Vindicator.*

When a man says, "I run things at my house," he may mean the washing-machine and the furnace.

—*Columbia Record.*

Science has advanced to the point where they can find a chip of an ancient animal's toe-joint and tell how old its mother-in-law was.

—*New York American.*

One thing women's clothes leave to the imagination is what makes them so expensive.

—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

Nevada bankers will pay \$1,000 for a live bandit, and \$2,500 for a dead

one. No Governor can pardon a dead bandit.

—*American Lumberman.*

One thing we could never understand about a real-estate man was why he doesn't hold it and make the money himself.

—*American Lumberman.*

People wouldn't get divorced for such trivial reasons if they didn't get married for such trivial reasons.

—*Bridgeport Star.*

Too much of the world is run on the theory that you don't need road-manners if you are a five-ton truck.

—*El Paso Herald.*

A cynic rises to remark that homes never before were as comfortable and families so seldom in them.

—*Seattle Times.*

A pedestrian has rights—yes. But too often they are only the last sad rites.

—*Tampa Tribune.*

Boys will be boys—but the girls are giving 'em a hot contest for the privilege.

—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Due to the uncertainty of their return alive, mountain climbers in the Alps are required to pay their hotel bills in advance. For the same reason bootleggers never extend credit.

—*Thos. E. Pickerill Service.*

Wear a mustache. That's all the women have left us. It is your badge of masculinity.—*Bishop Collins Denny to the North Carolina Methodist Conference.*

Winter's Music

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (March '26)

DID you ever hear the happy, cheery song of the four-horse wagon? If you ever did, you have not forgotten it, and you never will. When the air is still and very cold, the creak and cry of the crumbling snow and the high-pitched notes of the passing wheels make sweet music that in later life arouses the fondest memories of home and childhood days. As children we sometimes asked our elders: "What makes the wagon sing?" Then the subject was changed, and few of us to this day know how the snow makes the wagon sing.

Another question many a bright child asks without, as a rule, getting a satisfactory answer is: "What makes the wires hum?" If we fasten a light strip of cloth to the side of a slender pole when a stiff breeze is blowing, we will see that it does not stand out straight and quiet, but waves and flutters. Smoke particles show that even the passing stream of air itself flutters in the same general manner, with a frequency that increases with the strength of the wind. There is, then, a fluttering eddy of air attached to every wire exposed to the wind—a fluttering generally fast enough in even very moderate winds, to make a musical note. Of course telegraph wires, and others too, sing in all seasons, but as they sing loudest when the wind is brisk and transmit stronger tugs on the poles when tightly stretched, as they are when contracted by cold, their song too is, in the main, a joy of frosty weather.

When the mood is right, there is a peculiar pleasure in listening, on a windy winter night, to the dirge of a lone pine tree, as it ceaselessly wails in deepest sympathy for whatever loss your own memory may recall or fancy suggest. How does the old pine get its sighing and wailing voice? Every one of its myriad needles produces a little vibrating eddy in the wind that blows across it, just as the telegraph

wire does, and this vibration is fast enough to make a musical tone. And just as a swarm of bees produces a great buzzing noise where the individual bee could not be heard, so too the voices of a million pine needles blend into a loudly wailing dirge.

One of the greatest pleasures of a wild winter's night is listening to the howling of the wind as it sweeps past the chimneys and over the gables. Here, too, the sounds are caused by an endless succession of eddies produced in the wind by the obstacles over which it is blowing; but the whole story we do not yet know.

In any cold lake region a familiar winter sound is the occasional boom heard far and near as, under the strain induced by a great difference in temperature between its upper and under surfaces, a thick sheet of ice snaps and tears in long cracks and rifts.

During an intensely cold wave one may hear in a forest an occasional "pistol shot" where there is no pistol. It is only the outer shell of a tree splitting under the great strain caused by its cooling faster and therefore shrinking faster than the inner wood.

A good thing to keep one awake in the wee hours of a bitterly cold night is the snap, snap, bang, of the joists, rafters and other portions of an exposed country house, as the tug of the cold jerks their joints into new adjustments.

The rattle of sleet on the window, varying in volume with every gust and eddy of the wind, is a sound peculiar, of course, to the winter, and disagreeable or pleasant owing, partly, to whether we have to go out in the storm, or may stay indoors, snug and dry.—*Dr. W. J. Humphreys, U. S. Weather Bureau.*

Boys—Then and Now

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (March '26)

William Allen White

MAN is a blow-hard. We brag that our generation is a world-maker; that we discovered progress, and crowded a thousand years of growth into five decades. We point to all the material things that we have done.

It would be all very fine, if we did not immediately turn around and *discredit* our achievement by croaking about the virtues of the good old times. "When we were young," say the bald-heads, "then life was real; men were true, women beautiful, and children models of propriety and industry."

Now, *one* of these proud boasts is not true. Either the good old days were pretty bad, or else these days are not much better. Our material progress cannot be denied. But the test of a civilization is its treatment of youth. What did the "good old days" do for the boys and girls of that time? And what are the new days doing now?

Behold El Dorado, Kansas, in the early seventies. The inhabitants were for the most part young men and women who had come from the East to make their fortune. They had neither time nor money for organized endeavor to help youth. Boys mostly ran free like unriated stock; girls were tethered to the little houses.

After his chores—the woodbox, the stable, the chickens, the cow—the boy was his own master. He ran in gangs. The boy herd roamed the alleys, huddled in barns, browsed in woods. He saw dark and awful things. No one cared. Lust, and greed he saw; and, back of the saloon, the town drunkard covered with flies. The town gambler, in white broadcloth, was his idol. The boy knew where the painted ladies lived, and who went to see them, and why.

Only the boy's home, and often only his mother, counteracted these influences. For too often those old-fashioned fathers brought the language of the street and the saloon into the home. Books were few, and usually dull.

The schoolhouses of the frontier a generation ago were upon the whole ugly; the curriculum was limited, and pedagogical methods were raw. Bull strength was inclined to rule the playground. The older boys in their late teens had touched the pitch of the dark and greedy life of the plains, and were as hardened a set of young sinners as ever corrupted childhood. Fighting, mean and treacherous sells and swindling games prevailed. Ribald verses and shibboleths ran around the playground, and the whole place was fetid with rank suggestion. The truth is that the passing generation took its morals, as boys, from a wicked and an ugly place. And those boys of the passing generation who came from a sordid world and made it big and bright, those boys of a drab and dirty day, grown mature, have performed a miracle more important than the mere physical wonders of the new civilization.

Their physical service has been to establish, in 50 years, a civilization rich in food, clothing, books, music, transportation. But these are externals. The real miracle lies in the changed attitude of this civilization toward youth.

These lines are written in an ordinary country town of 15,000. Our attitude toward youth is but typical. And the master passion of our lives is clearly a desire to promote the interests of the next generation. More than half the taxes go directly into schools. We have also a quarter of a

million dollars invested in the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and in parks and playgrounds, devoted to the business of making youth strong and useful and happy. Of these 15,000 people, 700 give their entire time to teaching, coaching, or directing the affairs of youth.

There are a score of activities that were unknown 50 years ago. In the schools a nurse examines the child's eyes, ears, and teeth. And a clinic for children is maintained by the local doctors. Each school above the sixth grade has its gymnasium and organized teams; the old rowdy playground has passed. Where 40 years ago the literary society was the only school activity, today there are lectures, moving pictures, debates, essay contests. The children are weighed, and their food is considered. The women's clubs provide milk for children under weight. Diet suggestions are sent home by the school dietitian for parents to follow. Even more civilized are the things done in "opportunity rooms," where laggards are studied and given individual care. Think of the backward student 50 years ago—the jeers, the neglect, the misunderstanding that were his lot! After school hours in a dozen classes the Bible is taught, and moral instruction given. The children have all sorts of musical contests—bands, orchestras, glee clubs, quartets.

After school comes the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. with their long programs, and the Boy Scouts, the Leaders' Club, the Pioneers' Club, the Athletic Leagues of all the churches, the Swimming Club. The churches have C. E. Societies, Epworth Leagues, rooms for organized play. The Red Cross sponsors contests in swimming, health education, hygiene. The Woman's City Club, the G. A. R., the American Legion, are forever offering prizes for essays and debates on patriotic subjects. Summer camps are maintained by the Rotarians and kindred clubs, where boys are cared for by trained men, who teach them all manner of physical, spiritual, and mental hygiene, keep them wholesome-

ly busy, healthy and happy. The juvenile court is the corrective side of government touching childhood, and it rehabilitates scores of boys from every town every year.

This consistent, profitable training of youth is the miracle of the century. When one compares the home, the school, the church of the boy of 50 years ago with these agencies that are molding him today, one sees the illimitable distance that civilization has come. This deep, fundamental change in our attitude toward the spiritual life of humanity, evidenced by these universal contacts with youth, to guide it, to cultivate it into a richer and better maturity, is in truth the great achievement thus far of our race. This has all been done in the twinkling of an eye, when one thinks of the great stretches of time in which man has inhabited this planet.

Many people wag their tongues about the wild antics of youth today—the automobile "petting parties" and road-house revels. But the automobile is no more deadly than was the buggy of the dear dead past. It is the nature of humanity that youth shall attract youth, and since Eden man's inventions have affected everything—but apple picking.

Now, these movements to uplift youth have not made the modern youth sanctimonious; but they have sophisticated him and left him decent. The "stable lore" of his forebears has been supplanted by a vast store of information about motors, radios, electricity. The extent to which the modern boy must use his head is appalling. He is building a better brain that his father had, equipping himself better for the modern life than his father equipped himself 50 years ago. He is not a prude. He knows how the world is made and the knowledge does not hurt him. He and his sister, Modern Youth, look the modern world squarely in the eye, free-born spirits, unafraid of their problems. Of such, despite the cackling dolor of the passing generation, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Where American Justice Fails

Condensed from *The World's Work* (March '26)

Lawrence Veiller

AS one contemplates the rising tide of crime, one would despair of our civilization and of the future of America, were it not for the consoling fact that England—a country with institutions very similar to our own—75 years ago had become the most crime-ridden country in the civilized world. From this situation England has come to have the most perfect enforcement of criminal laws in the world. England has not changed the character of her population. She has merely changed the administration of her criminal laws.

In 1923, the latest year for which statistics are available, there were in London only 42 murders. In 1921 there were 260 murders in New York City and 137 in Chicago. Nor was there an unsolved murder in London in 1922, nor again in 1923. The reason for the lesser amount of crime in England is, that in that country punishment for crime follows swiftly and surely. Punishment is a deterrent there. There are no delays. Trials last but a few hours, even in the most serious cases. The facts are fully presented. Justice is done.

In America the administration of the criminal law has departed from its original purpose of the ascertainment of the facts and the doing of justice, and has become involved in a maze of technicalities. All of these conditions existed in England 70 years ago; but England roused herself and freed the administration of the law from this serious handicap. How great a change has been brought about is at once realized when one contrasts the form of indictment in the case of murder, prescribed under present rules, as compared with the long-winded, involved and verbose form of indictment used in the past. The

present form reads: MURDER: *Particulars of Offense*: A.B., on the . . . day of . . . in the County of . . . murdered J. S.

The avenue of escape through technicalities, which affords so excellent an opportunity for escape to the criminal in America, has been closed in England. Nor are there long delays in the trial of criminal cases. It is a rare instance where a trial is had more than three weeks after the offender is arrested. In the United States, trials are delayed for long periods, with the result that witnesses disappear, false defenses are framed, testimony is lost, and the public forgets the circumstances of the crime.

One reason why there are no delays in the trial of criminal cases in England is that the criminal has no desire to have his case prolonged, because the professional criminal stays in jail until his case is tried. He is not set at liberty on bail, free to continue his criminal career. Moreover, the English courts would not tolerate the dilatory motions that are permitted in America.

How expeditious justice is, is evidenced by the report of a murder trial in the highest criminal court in London, in 1923, that was witnessed by a committee of the American Bar Association. Their report states: "The trial took place three weeks from the time of the crime. The jury was accepted within ten minutes. Not a single question was asked a juror by counsel on either side, although both sides had the right to do so. We were informed by the judge that only one challenge had occurred in this court in three years. The examination of witnesses proceeded with extraordinary rapidity. The judge conducted a large part of the examination: he controlled,

limited, and directed the examination by counsel. Cross examination was short and to the point. The jury returned a verdict of guilty within 20 minutes. Immediately, the judge sentenced the defendant to death. There is but one punishment for murder in England. The whole trial lasted about six hours."

Contrast this with the practice in this country, where it often takes an entire week to obtain a jury, and where there have been in some murder trials as many as 25 different continuances, and it becomes apparent why crime is so much less prevalent in England, for the administration of justice there is both swift and certain.

One of the factors which makes for speedy trials in England, free from technicalities and without attempts on the part of counsel to confuse the issue and to perplex the jury, is that the trial judge is in full control of the investigation. He does not sit silent as in America, unable to direct or control the course of events. As Chief Justice Taft puts it: "The power that makes for dispatch and thoroughness in the English procedure is the power which the court exercises to sum up the evidence to the jury. He winnows out the chaff, and enables the jury to see clearly what the evidence is."

Mr. Taft adds that this participation in the case by the judge has been forbidden in this country in the courts of all of the states, but not in the Federal courts, and that it is this element that has helped Federal courts to prosecute so much more successfully than state courts.

In England the professional criminal is not bailed. The fingerprints of all persons arrested are taken at once. Such prints are promptly destroyed if a conviction is not had. And if it develops that a man has a criminal record, the court does not grant bail, as the prisoner will go to trial almost immediately. The practice, which has become so flagrant in America, of releasing professional criminals on bail and setting them free to ply their nefarious careers through weeks and

months, while their case is pending, does not prevail in England.

In America, a criminal has generally a chance at three trials, his original trial and two appeals—sometimes even three appeals. In England every man is entitled to only *one* appeal—and that appeal is final. Final decisions are not delayed from one to three years through numerous appeals. Nor do the appellate bodies in England reverse the decisions of the lower courts on technical grounds. Applications for appeals on such grounds are not even considered.

There are no second trials in England. The powers of the Court of Criminal Appeal are almost unlimited. The Court may increase or reduce a sentence, or quash it and set the prisoner free. In practically every case the decision is rendered from the Bench. Under these circumstances it is not strange that there are comparatively few criminal appeals.

One of the means by which the criminal in the United States manages to escape the consequences of his criminal deeds is his ability to retain lawyers who have little scruple in resorting to any means to get their client off. It is not so in England. One reason is, that the personnel of the Criminal Bar in England is of much higher calibre than in the United States. The condition which exists in America of a criminal bar devoting itself entirely to criminal practice, the members of which spend their entire time in seeking to get their clients off, does not prevail in England. There, the barristers who practice at the Criminal Bar practice also in civil cases. Moreover, members of the Criminal Bar in England spend as much of their time in *prosecuting* criminals as they do in defending them. This is due to the system which prevails there under which there is no public official corresponding to the District Attorney in American practice and consequently no district attorney's staff. Thus, the members of the Criminal Bar in England

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Why Don't We Fly?

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (March '26)

Dr. Edwin G. Dexter

FOUR or five years ago it was confidently predicted that by this time airplanes would be as common as flivvers. But are they? And if not, why not? Mechanically, aeronautics have advanced according to prediction. Commercial and mail air routes are in successful operation. But after all, the thing has not taken hold. Why is it?

I have yet to see discussed in print what seems to me to be the real cause. The mechanical difficulties can be surmounted. But how about making over in a single generation, or even in many generations, a terrestrial animal into a celestial being? We and our ancestors, nobody knows how many generations of them, have lived on solid earth and we feel safe and at ease there and nowhere else.

I know, because for some months I had government air service at my disposal whenever needed for official duties. I pretended that I enjoyed every minute in the air, but I didn't. I kept on to see if I wouldn't enjoy it after a while, but I didn't. I was never frightened while in the air, but I did not experience that restful feeling there that I enjoy. The real difficulty, however, is not while in the air, but while out of the air. I think I never decided that I would make a flight the next day and enjoyed the rest of the evening.

I remember 25 years ago when living on the western plains that I had two ponies, one of which I always rode when I tried, while the other I sometimes did. The latter was named Rattlesnake. I tried to ride them alternate days. I enjoyed every second of the time after I got one foot into Rattlesnake's stirrup, whether I stayed on or not. On alternate evenings I had nothing on my mind. Those were the evenings after I had ridden

Rattlesnake. After a while the thing got on my nerves, and Rattlesnake got lost. I let all my friends believe that I was heartbroken at losing him.

And mark my word, nine out of ten commuters by the air route, if there ever be that many, will let their airplanes get lost or out of running condition within three months. You can't make a man feel at home as a bird.

I have personally known a good many aviators, but have yet to find one who is not looking forward to the time when he can give up flying. Where are the pioneer flyers whose obituaries you have not read? They are on solid earth, most of them, and you couldn't pry them off.

And the worst of it is—if my thesis be correct that the insurmountable obstacle to popular flying is psychological—that there is no solution to the difficulty. Doubtless the aviator who sticks to it for any length of time possesses an inherent tendency which if perpetuated would develop a breed of flyers. But he is the very man that aviation annihilates sooner or later, without perpetuating the tendency. Doubtless, too, sexual selection enters in. It seems probable that the girl who felt it would be just as easy to fall in love with a broker of her acquaintance as with a lieutenant of the air service, would, for prudential reasons, give the broker the inside track, though this might not be true for the extremely romantic type.

We shall always find men to man our air service, and there will be enough of us who haven't yet experienced the "ten foot feeling" which comes from having braved the air at least once, to maintain a fairly prosperous commercial aviation. But don't buy stock in the Aerial Flivver Company. You will lose if you do.

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are not constantly spending their entire time in defending criminals, and thus getting the criminal's point of view. On the contrary, they divide their time between prosecuting and defending criminals, as well as practicing in the civil courts. This gives them a balanced outlook upon their professional responsibilities. The criminal in England is thus deprived of his chief aid in escaping the consequences of his misdeeds—the criminal lawyer with low standards of professional ethics who avails himself of every technicality, every device, every trick in the game to set his client free.

One reason why there are comparatively so few crimes of violence in England is that almost no pistols are carried. The law prohibits the possession and sale of pistols, except to a few persons authorized to have them, and the practice of carrying pistols is almost unknown. No citizen thinks of carrying a pistol or having one in his house for protection. The criminal himself as a rule does not carry a pistol, for he knows that he will not meet an armed policeman. It is the rare circumstance, even when a police officer is sent to get a dangerous criminal, that he will arm himself with a weapon.

In England one of the great factors in the prevention of crime is the efficiency and integrity of the police force. It is entirely dissociated from politics. It is a splendid body of men, physically and morally. In English courts the testimony of a policeman is regarded as of equal value with that of a citizen, with the additional advantage that *prima facie* his character is good, and he is credited rightly with the desire to tell the truth and to avoid any bias against the prisoner. This is practically the reverse of the situation in the United States. Here the courts are unwilling often to believe an officer under oath.

The Bar Association Committee in their 1923 report said: "Scotland Yard deserves its high reputation. Its officers are selected only after the most careful investigation. A policeman chooses the force as a life profession. He is trained scientifically. His only chance for advancement lies in the fearless, intelligent performance of his duty. He is absolutely independent of political or any inside influence. At the head of the police are men of great force, of lifelong experience, and always of high standing in the community. The department's skill in unraveling crime and in arresting criminals is remarkable.

The attitude of the press in the United States in glorifying crime and the publicity connected with a criminal trial have without question the effect of breeding a morbid interest in crime and criminals. In England this is very far from being the case. While it is true that the press often does print the facts about some spectacular crime before the trial, they are extremely careful not to discuss a pending criminal case. It is contempt of court in that country to make any such comment as is made in the United States. The writing up of the case in sensational fashion, the description of the prisoner, of counsel, the taking of photographs of the court room, all these things are as a rule absent in England. The result is that the courts over there still maintain the atmosphere of a dignified tribunal of justice and not that of a theatrical performance. . . .

England 75 years ago found herself enmeshed in the same difficulties that now confront the United States. Through a series of practical measures, which have been described, she has completely emerged from these difficulties, until she stands as the country in which crime is at its lowest and the enforcement of the criminal law at its highest. What England has done America can do.

Are You This Woman?

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (March '26)

Mary B. Mullett (*An interview with Dr. F. Williams—See note on page 815*)

MRS. Smith, as I shall call her, is one of those women whom people describe as "devoted mothers." She would tell you that she "lived for her children." "From the time my first baby was born," she says proudly, "I never allowed anything to interfere with my duty to my children. My husband and I seldom went out in the evening, for I couldn't bring myself to leave the children in anyone else's care. I realized how important it was that my children should be guarded from bad influences, so I kept them at home most of the time. Of course the result was that they grew up with few friends. But I wanted quality, not quantity; so I selected their companions for them.

"But their chief companion was always myself—their mother. I read to them; and I guided them in choosing what they should read. I helped them to play. I studied their lessons with them. I sheltered them from harm, directed their actions and formed their ideas."

"Mrs. Smith is typical of thousands," Dr. Frankwood Williams, one of the best-known psychiatrists in this country, said to me. "Strange as it may seem, mothers are responsible for an enormous number of the cases with which psychiatrists have to deal. They sow the seeds of future trouble. Of course, all psychiatrists admit that mothers give to their children an invaluable something which is not given by anyone, or anything, else. But we constantly encounter women of Mrs. Smith's type, who are trying unconsciously to dominate and to absorb their children; to forge bonds which will be unbreakable. A woman 'gets that way' for one of two reasons. The first—a very common one—is that she has failed to find in her husband a natural outlet for her emotions. He

may not give her the love and devotion she craves; or she may find after marriage that she doesn't love him as she is capable of loving. She is denied the natural outlet for her emotional life, so she turns to her children and finds an outlet there. She loves them with a passionate devotion. She must have no rival in their affections.

"The other way in which this type is produced is curious. A girl grows up with an inferiority complex. At home she always played second fiddle to her brothers and sisters. She wasn't popular in school or society. Then she marries and has children. Here at last are some human beings to whom she can be the biggest figure on their horizon. So she sets to work to make herself 'the whole show'—the great dominating factor in the lives of her children.

"Mrs. Smith, for instance, had herself wanted to be a nurse; so she decided that her daughter, Katharine, was to be trained for nursing, although she grew up with a perfect hatred of sickrooms. The older boy, Jack, might have made a good engineer. But his mother decided that he was to be a doctor.

"The younger boy, Billy, was her favorite. This often happens. The youngest child is usually the particular pet simply because it is easier to lavish affection on a baby and a little child than on an older one. And this lavishing of affection is the way the mother satisfies her craving for an emotional outlet.

"Well, what has happened to her children? In most cases like this there are three things that may happen; and curiously, all three have come about in this instance. These three things are—escape, or rebellion, or complete submission. Katharine

escaped, by eloping when 17 with the chauffeur; Jackie rebelled; Billy has been swallowed up. When about 14 Jack had amazed his mother by strange outbreaks of rudeness, even of vulgarity. He 'talked back' at her; if she smoothed his hair he mussed it up. If she attempted to kiss him he pushed her away. The boy didn't understand what he was doing. He was like a drowning person wildly struggling to keep himself from being wholly submerged. Instead of realizing the situation and adjusting herself to it, the mother redoubled her efforts to hold him. When he was 17 he ran away to Chicago. He is now 23 and working in a steel mill. He may turn out all right, but his mother has made it a difficult struggle for him.

"But the most tragic figure in this group is Billy. Robbed of the two other children his mother concentrated all her efforts on him. Naturally lacking in initiative he should have been deliberately trained to stand on his own feet; to think and to act for himself. His mother did precisely the opposite. Last year he came east to college—and his mother came too! She was afraid of losing her hold on him. Six months ago she consulted me about this boy. He has no self-confidence, no initiative; he takes no part in college activities, makes no friends, and seems indifferent to, or afraid of, all girls. He has no idea as to a career.

"Many mothers fail to realize that the essential thing is to fit the child to live its own life as fully, as happily and as efficiently as possible. The earlier she begins to help him to develop self-reliance the easier it will be for her to help him discover which traits of his are assets, and which ones liabilities.

"She cannot begin too early to let her children play with other children. The biggest problem we all have to meet is the problem of *adjusting* ourselves to human contacts. People who are unhappy, unsuccessful, even criminal, are merely those who have failed to solve this problem in a right way. Mothers should let their children be-

gin to solve it when they—the mothers—are most able to help them.

"Mothers must be careful about their children's associates, but it is much more important to make the child competent to choose his associates himself, guarding his immaturity by a mixture of about a pinch of precept to a pound of example. Precept probably has less effect than anything else in forming children's characters. The best way to make a child honest, courteous and kindly is to be those things yourself. Otherwise, your admonitions will be a waste of breath.

"It seems strange perhaps, but it is a fact that what happens to children outside the home makes a comparatively shallow impression. It is in the home that they are made or marred. They may pick up bad language, learn 'naughty tricks,' hear things which are shocking; but none of this goes very deep, provided the home atmosphere is all right; especially if the mother is sensible, well balanced, intelligently sympathetic, and well-bred herself. In the long run the child will shed the results of those outside influences; but his mother's stamp is almost indelible.

"All mothers should ask themselves: 'Am I trying to develop my child's own individuality? Or am I constantly admonishing them to do things which I myself often fail to do? Am I trying to shield my children from all except a selected group of outside influences? Or do I realize that sooner or later they must have all kinds of contacts? And understanding this, am I letting them mingle with other children now, when I can help them in meeting a wide range of influences? Am I so absorbed in my children that I have no other interests? Am I growing in knowledge, in wisdom, in human understanding? Am I looking forward to the time when they will be men and women, trying to fit them to be independent, even of me? Or am I dreading to have them grow up, afraid that I shall cease to be necessary to them? First, last and all the time, am I seeking their good—or my own happiness?'"

Confessions of a Shirt-Stuffer

Condensed from The New Republic (March 3, '26)

This is one of a series of anonymous confessions, in which men and women in various occupations give their professional autobiographies. . . . While Mr. Bunkus in the following Confession is of course a fictitious character, The New Republic vouches for the essential verity of the narrative.

I AM a stuffer of shirts. Perhaps you think there is no such business. Let us see.

You have of course heard of the great Crackum Bunkus, the man of many titles but chiefly known as America's Lard King. You know what an extravagant ordinary man he is. You know, for instance, how upon occasion he can let fly a volley of sparks about the stake of "these United States" in the controversy about the League mandate over Togoland. He bristles with informed opinion on everything. You have read his address on the control of the re-investable surplus of labor before the Academy of Political Science. You are familiar with those crisp, startling, religious epigrams flung off hot before the Associated Sunday Schools perhaps and which you have seen displayed on page one in the Monday morning paper. Bunkus has thrilled the diners at the Chamber of Commerce monthly luncheons with biting humor distilled from the dry seeds of Congressional folly. He has set wagging the matronly heads at the Monday Morning Club with his clarion call of "Back to the Old Moralities."

Some of his old companions around stock yards in Kansas City rub their eyes when they see his grave countenance looking out at them from the Sunday rotogravure section. Can this be the same old Crackum? The same rough and ready slaughterer who could stick a pig with the best of them in the old days?

No! It is not the same Crackum. It is a finished factory product, made over, sanded, varnished, rubbed down, lacquered and waxed. When I took hold of Bunkus he was just a large mass of perspiring flesh in a silk shirt. I had to extract the hog-slaughterer from the Bunkus waist-coat and re-stuff it with a combination of statesman, orator, humorist, philanthropist and industrial saint.

Bunkus, take my word for it, is a stuffed shirt, and I am the gentleman who stuffed the shirt. That's my business. There is a large and well paid fraternity in the same line. These gentlemen are nothing less than salesmen. It is their trade to sell to the people their industrial captains. You remember how some 30 years ago many of these captains were far from the good graces of our hardy but simple yeomanry. All that is past. I and my brother shirt-stuffers have sold the captains to their people.

How is it done? Let me describe the process by which Bunkus was re-created. Bunkus was a diamond in the rough—but very much in the rough. He needed more statuesque proportions. It was necessary to further some big consolidation plans then forming in the organization. Besides he had been very much misunderstood. His record, in fact, was bad. He had put some of his competitors out of business very much in the same way he had dealt with the hogs in his early days as a sticker. His methods had been admirably simple and direct and his utterances equally so. There was talk of probes here and investigations there. On the whole it seemed necessary to have a better reputation at the head of the industry. Then, in about two years, the Bunkus's daughter, Miss Dehlia, would be ready for her debut. Despite great power in trade, society hadn't heard of the Bunkus family.

And so I was engaged. I began along the lines of least resistance. I

changed Miss Dehlia's name to Del-yea. I perceived that she had an extraordinary good figure; and so it was easy to get into the Sunday illustrated supplements. Pictures of Miss Delyea Bunkus, daughter of Crackum Bunkus, in a beautiful but scant bathing suit practicing archery on the sands at Palm Beach. She photographed wonderfully in her riding habit and we got several pictures of her in an airplane which Papa Bunkus bought for her to play with and which we charged as an expense in the publicity campaign.

It was not difficult to keep the names of all the family in the paper. When a noted publisher died I lost no time in issuing and sending to the bereaved paper an appreciation by Bunkus of the great departed which got into print under effective headlines. When the Gazette launched a campaign against fake stock swindlers or some other form of public nuisance, Bunkus was promptly on deck with his approval, which got featured thus: BUNKUS LAUDS GAZETTE'S DRIVE ON STOCK SHARKS. If the Bulletin started a fund to reward some heroic fireman, there was a picture of Bunkus, a brief approving interview and a substantial donation.

The two ladies and their social performances got faithfully chronicled. I employed a young man, a former attaché of a daily paper's society department. He served several other ambitious families in the same way and earned a decent enough living. In one, two and three line items the comings and goings of the Bunkus family to Florida, to California, to Europe, and up and down our exclusive avenues were recorded until one fine day we landed the three of them right in the centre of the reception room of the most discriminating of all the Brahmins.

All this was quite simple, rudimentary. The more impressive blows had to be delivered in other ways. The editor of a Sunday magazine supplement promised me an interview. Accordingly a reporter was sent to Bun-

kus to draw him out on the World Court. And of course I worked the magazines. All the financial and trade journals eagerly devoured articles on various topics which had the commanding virtue of being inexpensive—free in fact. One journal—the official apologist of business—printed an elaborate study of the tax burden borne by business, purporting to come from the pen of Bunkus, but in reality written by a well known magazine writer. We even got Bunkus in one of the greater success magazines, carefully leaving out the deforming episode about killing the hogs.

Bunkus had a good voice for after-dinner addresses. I got a clever Irishman who squeezed out a precarious existence free-lancing. Bunkus delivered this craftsman's humorous gibes at trade luncheons and banquets. They got a special flavor from Bunkus's own dry manner which soon earned him a reputation for drollery.

This was all right until the Irishman most inopportunistly gave up the struggle. Bunkus was down among the speakers at an "economy dinner," at which the President himself was the chief guest. With our fountain of humor gone Bunkus's reputation for a moment seemed in peril. But I dug up a young columnist who supplied us at a reasonable price with an excellent little speech. It was in a happy, genial vein and drew forth the comment that age seemed to be mellowing the great lard king.

Bunkus gave liberally to all church movements, endowed the Bunkus Bay in the Great Cathedral, patronized the Y. M. C. A. and even gave to the Knights of Columbus.

By this time the man had been "born again." He was ready for sainthood in our American calendar. And best of all he is an American product—not a product of our soil or of our schools, but a product of that noblest of all American professions—the Fraternity of the Shirt Stuffers—who are peopling our Valhalla with a noble company of handmade and fictitious celebrities.

These Too, Too Solid Ghosts

Condensed from The Forum (February '26)

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

"I SAW her myself," said the reverend gentleman earnestly, "she had been seen in that school for years, sometimes by a teacher, sometimes by a pupil. The spirit of a little old lady, with side-curls and a lace cap, in wide full skirts and pantalettes. When I saw her she came silently floating down the stairs toward me. The body was dimmed, invisible, but I saw the sweet old face with its cap and curls, and the little slippers and pantalettes." He was quite serious, he had seen this apparition, clothed as described, and neither he nor other "believers" noticed anything incongruous in the description. But come now!—spiritual pantalettes?

Let us admit for the sake of argument that the individual persists as such after death, and that it is able to appear to us. What we see is a "spirit." But as we have no knowledge of the looks of a spirit we clothe it with what we are pleased to call "a spiritual body", which is a contradiction in terms as who will speak of a "physical soul."

The body in which it presents itself is of course the one we knew before, hence it appears that not only does the spirit persist after death, but the body also.

Again for the sake of argument we will admit this anomaly, this stark paradox, a spiritual body, but can anyone believe in spiritual pantalettes? Can we seriously accept spiritual ruffles and embroidery, spiritual starch and, inevitably, a spiritual laundress?

Ghosts have been seen and believed in from the earliest days of gluttony and indigestion. Descriptive books are written, sometimes by the spirits themselves we are told, as well as by the believers. Among these we find specific information on the subject of clothing, yet much remains to be learned.

"Are spirits clothed?" asks Conan Doyle, and answers heartily, "Of course they are clothed,—do we lose our modesty because we are dead?" Quoted from memory, from an article in Collier's Weekly, some years ago. Spirits of savages are probably unclothed, spirits of present-day ladies very little clothed, and the spirit of the little old lady in the girl's school was clothed in the costume of her time. Come to think of it they always are. Those who saw *Smilin' Through* beheld two lovely spirit ladies somewhat cumbrously attired in spiritual crinolines. In *The Enchanted Cottage* we were shown period spirits, each loving pair of defunct honeymooners in the dress of their day. Greek spirits would probably appear in chitons, Romans in togas,—yet does not Shakespeare tell us, "The sheeted ghosts did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome"?

Is eternity to resemble an unending masquerade, or at least a costume ball? Must an immortal soul forever wear one fashion? Shall she who had the misfortune to die in a hobble skirt, live in a hobble skirt eternally? That modesty Mr. Doyle is so sure of prevents their appearing in the night-gowns or pajamas they do die in, so they seem to select the current dress of the moment and stick to that. So we may look forward to a walking picture gallery of ancestors, long trains, wide hoops, high stocks, and tight-strapped trousers, to doublet and hose, leather jerkins, and steel armor.

It would be more inspiring to conceive of free spirits, if they must have bodies and clothes upon them, devising something more beautiful and seemly than our fluctuating fashions.

After all it is the body idea which makes the trouble. We are acquainted with the body and spirit together in life, and with the body left spiritless

in death,—which would certainly seem to show some difference between them. Why then are we so bent on piecing them together afterward?

Can we not think it out boldly and clearly, saying, "I believe George Washington lives, in recognizable bodily form. I believe he is clothed. Do I believe that he wears a wig? Or even powders his hair?"

Or "I believe in the immortality of the soul, but not of the body," or, "I believe in the immortality of the soul and body but not the immortality of human fashions."

But no, we are too lazy-minded to follow to a logical conclusion either what we do know about spirits, here in this life—such as love, anger, cheerfulness, courage, noble spirits and mean spirits—or what we are told about them in another one. Because we find it difficult to think of spirits as such, we have promptly put them into bodies again, but refuse to face the implications involved in that shallow phrase "a spiritual body." It is in our minds only a screen of words, a picture; we never consider its inevitable activities.

For a body is but the sum of its activities. If it has legs it must walk; every muscle must be used lest it atrophy. Is this body they assume supposed to be flat like a paper doll? Or hollow like a rubber doll? If it is a real body it must be made like ours, not only without but within. So we must have the courage of our convictions and boldly face the thought of spiritual lungs and liver, stomach, intestines, and their essential processes.

The Mormons take the bull by the horns and frankly assume an eternity of life precisely like that which we have now in all its functions. Health is assumed, and they agree with Conan Doyle when he says that the spirits will be neither too young nor too old, but will reach a "normal age," about 30. But in another place Mr. Doyle assures the grieving mother that she should have her child in her arms again. If the bereaved mother, losing a three-year-old child when she

was 25, dies herself at 27, and finds her little boy a handsome gentleman of 30, will he meet the same want?

If a loving daughter of 54 closes her father's eyes at 82, and herself dies at 87, what "father" and "daughter" reunion will there be when they are both 30? And why is 30 a "normal" age more than any other? The spirit frequently improves as life goes on, and the man or woman of 60 may be twice as noble as at 30. Is the mature spirit given a youthful body just for looks? With the Mormons it is more a practical question, for they go on marrying and having children in a cheerful eternity.

Fancy the soul of Theodore Roosevelt turned loose in spiritual coat and trousers, shirt, necktie and "B. V. D.'s" (underclothes aren't mentioned, but why not? If we are to dress at all we should do it nicely) to ramble through eternity with nothing to do but "communicate."

Years ago I talked with Professor Hyslop of Columbia, as good an authority as the country knew on "the other life". I asked him if in all the years of research and experiment any progress had been made in ease of communication, and he said no. I asked if he knew personally, or had ever heard of, any communication that was of any value to the human race, and again he said no. Then I hesitatingly inquired if "Planchette" or "Ouija" were reliable as mediums, and to my surprise he assured me that they were quite equal to personal ones.

Our gropings into "the other life" show small imagination at best. We do not honestly and fully face what we do think. For instance, here is a man dead; his spirit reappears to his loving wife, in the same body and dress as when alive. It continues to so appear for a number of years. Now then, does the spirit of man, in a spiritual body, wear whiskers or shave? He must do one or the other. A spiritual razor, the spiritual brush, the spiritual soap, the basin, the towel—no, no! Spiritual whiskers are easier to believe.

What I Mean By Religion

Condensed from The American Magazine (March '26)

An Interview with Roger W. Babson by Keene Summer

TEN years ago Roger W. Babson, nationally known as a business statistician, made a statement in a public address which was widely quoted by the newspapers of the country. He said, in effect: "Seventy-five per cent of the men who are the leaders in this country have had a praying father, or a praying mother, or both. They themselves are religious—although perhaps not church members. And it is religion that has made them leaders."

Since that time, Mr. Babson's acquaintance among important men has grown much wider. And he would now put his estimate even higher than he did ten years ago. . . . I recently asked Mr. Babson what he meant by "religion."

"You can find out whether you have religion," he said, "by answering these questions: 'Do you feel that you are perfectly able to manage your own life? Or do you feel that you need help which no merely human being can give you? Do you believe there is some Power—call it what you will—above and beyond us all? Do you take this Power into account in living your life?'"

"Practically every one of our business leaders would answer 'No' to the first of these questions, and 'Yes' to the others. Among the men who wrote to me, after I made that statement ten years ago, were Woolworth, Colgate, Heintz, Wanamaker, Welch; and dozens of others equally well known spoke to me personally. They all declared that what I had said was true.

"You may think praying has gone out of fashion. You are mistaken—at least in regard to the men who are achieving. I know, because they themselves have told me. They may not 'say their prayers' every night. But that isn't necessarily praying. Someone has described prayer as 'the soul's sincere desire, uttered or un-

expressed!' That's true; but I'm strong for expressing it! And the people who are getting the big things done are the ones that pray—not as a mere form but out of some great inner need.

"True, not all religious people are achieving. But they are doing *bigger* things than they would have done *without* religion. Religion doesn't make a 12-cylinder man out of a one-cylinder man. What it does do is to supply *more* power to any equipment the human being already possesses.

"Some men with great natural ability accomplish but little. Why? I say it is the power of religion! There is something in the religious impulse that gives us a desire to create, and a joy in production. That is the secret of all achievement.

"Some years ago, the late Russell H. Conwell found that of over 4,000 American millionaires, all of them, except 20, began as poor boys. He also discovered that of a great number of rich men's sons, only one in 17 died rich. My explanation is this: The poor boy is taught self-reliance and self-denial in overcoming obstacles. But he often finds these obstacles almost insurmountable; and so he craves help from some Power outside himself. He has the *spiritual impulse* which leads to achievement.

"But the child of rich parents is seldom taught self-denial or self-reliance. He encounters few obstacles. Unless he is naturally religious, he doesn't crave spiritual help—and he goes down.

"Here is a volume of 'Who's Who,' containing almost 25,000 names of notable Americans. In the preface is a study of their parentage, made by Prof. S. S. Visher, of Indiana University. He found that preachers—in proportion to their numbers—fathered 2,400 times as many eminent persons as did unskilled laborers. Preachers fathered 35 times as many

eminent persons as did farmers; four times as many as did business men; and twice as many as the doctors, lawyers, and other professional men.

"That's interesting. But I think I devised a better test. Ten years ago I investigated 70 leaders in industry and business. And I found that *all* of those 70 men had praying fathers and mothers. And that, I believe, was the secret of these men's power. The job your father had doesn't cut any figure, compared with the *religion* he and your mother lived by. What they put onto your back doesn't count. It was what they put into your mind and heart.

"I am not talking about theological creeds or church membership. I am talking about the spiritual side of a man's nature. Religion is seeking after great things—a desire to serve humanity; to create, to go forward. While I criticize some of the methods of modern business, I *know* that thousands of business men have a sincere desire to serve humanity, and they are doing so.

"The wife of a great artist once said to me: 'Before my husband goes to work on one of his great paintings he experiences a period of consecration which is almost heart-rending. He shuts himself up, saying that he is going to paint a picture that will be a great message of truth and of beauty. That is the secret of his work—his yearning for higher things.'

"The greatest factor in achievement is not effort—it is the motivation *behind* the effort. The motive determines the goal. No wonder we talk of 'motive power.' And that is precisely what we get from what I call religion. It has nothing to do with creeds, which may be superficial. Religion is in the depths of the soul. I believe emphatically in religious organizations. A man's religion may be strengthened by connection with a live church. But your religion must be part of you; something you feel in your heart, and practice in your life.

"Every one of our great captains of industry has the power to *visualize* a goal. Let me explain how this ties

up with religion. Suppose we take two men, both industrious, thrifty, with shrewd practical sense. One is religious. That is, he has a desire for higher spiritual things, a sense of responsibility. He wants to give *service*. He educates his children; teaches them industry and thrift, and also the obligation of service. He helps his community, too. He achieves, and he helps others to achieve.

"The other man is *not* religious. That is, he has no sense of responsibility to a Higher Power, or to other human beings; no impulse to create, to achieve, or to serve. He may be thrifty, but it becomes mere miserliness. He may be industrious, but only to serve his own selfish purposes.

"It is religion that supplies the *motive power* which directs a man's qualities toward fine achievements. Imagination, for instance. Why, the penitentiaries are full of men with imagination, vision! If their 'motivation' had only been the desire to serve, to create, to achieve!

"The body and the mind are the tools you were given to work with. You can't change them for different ones. But—and this is the most wonderful fact in life—you can supply the *motive* with which you use those tools! And the motive not only will determine your goal, but will give you the motive *power* to strive toward that goal. If many men who are drifting along, not getting anywhere, had the power of this something which I call religion, they would go ahead twice as fast; even ten times as fast. Religion changes a human being from a small, ineffective, detached unit into a part of a mighty whole. It makes him serve others; and this service is returned to him in kind.

"Another basic principle of religion is responsibility. 'No man liveth to himself alone.' If you realize this you won't say that it's nobody's affair what you do, or how you do it. And another basic principle of religion is faith. Faith in your dreams; faith that the whole struggle is greater than your small part of it; faith that it is worth your while to fight it through to the end."

Booker T. Washington

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (March '26)

M. A. De Wolfe Howe

THE Negro's separation from the rest of the American population is a matter not only of custom, but, in Southern states, also of law. The native Indians—far less numerous, to be sure—have presented no problems comparable with the Negro Problem. The amalgamation of European and other stocks has been rapid throughout the United States. My father used to relate the coming of the first Irishman to the New England town in which he and I were born, and tell how he was drummed, immediately and actually, out of the place. But the Irishman eventually came back and merged into the general problem of American life. The Negro is still with us—a problem by himself. Indeed, if there was ever a cause that needed a champion, it has been that of the Negro.

After some 60 years of freedom, the wonder is not so much that he remains a problem, as that his advance, in many of the fields of citizenship and civilization, has been so marked.

Booker T. Washington, the acknowledged "leader of his race," stands with multitudes of his own race born in slavery, in that the date and place of his birth are not known. The opening words of his *Up From Slavery* tell us: "I was born a slave on a plantation in Virginia. I am not quite sure of the exact place or exact date of my birth, but at any rate I suspect I must have been born somewhere and at some time." Of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, little is recorded but that she was a cook for the slaves on her master's plantation. Of his father Booker Washington wrote: "I do not even know his name. I have heard reports to the effect that he was a white man who lived on one of the near-by plantations. Whoever, he was, I never heard of his taking the least interest in me or providing in any way for my rearing. But I lo

not find especial fault with him. He was simply an unfortunate victim of the institution which the nation unhappily had engrafted upon it at that time."

The child went through his earliest years with no name but Booker. When he went to school and found that the other pupils had at least two "entitles," he calmly gave himself, in answer to the teacher's inquiry about his second name, the august designation of "Washington." Learning later that his mother had named him Booker Taliaferro while he was still a child, he took to himself the full name of "Booker Taliaferro Washington."

It was a grim and exacting business for a Negro boy in the 60's and 70's to lift himself above his fellows in the South, to find, or make, and to use the opportunities for advancement that might come to him. During the war the husband of young Booker's mother, a slave belonging to another master, had drifted, through following some Northern troops, into the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia, and thither—to the town of Malden—the mother and her children, when the war was done, made their difficult way over the mountains. There were salt mines and furnaces and coal mines at Malden, and in these the boy and one of his brothers were set to work as children. This was before the days of child labor laws, and Booker's work often began at four in the morning.

The marking of the number "18" on the salt barrels packed by his stepfather excited his curiosity about figures and letters, and soon he was filled with a consuming desire to learn to read. In this longing he had his mother's sympathy. Shortly, a Negro boy who had learned to read came to the town—a place of poverty and squalor, previously without a single reading Negro. The spectacle of this interpreter of the newspaper to groups

of eager listeners brought both envy and determination to one of them. Soon the boy's chance appeared to have come, when another Negro with some education opened a school for Negro children; but Booker's stepfather, unwilling to spare the boy's earnings, kept him at work. Tortured every day by the sight of luckier children on their way to school, this boy, with the connivance of his mother, made arrangements with the teacher for lessons at night. He made better progress, as he thought, than the day pupils, and gained a belief in the possibilities of night schooling which fortified him later at Hampton and Tuskegee.

The transition from the state of ignorance and poverty in which the war left the liberated blacks to all the possibilities of freedom was a change analogous to coming up from a dark cellar into the sunlight. The Negroes needed more than anything else the guidance of a pathfinder emerging from their own ranks, one who could lead quite as much through the example of attainable experience as through precept. In Booker Washington such a pathfinder was at hand. With the traditionally happy temperament of his race, yet with the moral and essentially religious fervor that breeds a strong sense of responsibility, with the nature, moreover, that led him often to say, "No man, either white or black, from North or from South, shall drag me down so low as to make me hate him," he displayed from the first qualities which would have distinguished him in any race. But the obstacles to be overcome on his way were those peculiarly of the Negro.

There is a lifelong challenge in the old saying, "Obstacles are things to be overcome." Booker Washington so regarded them. At first he tried to combine going to school with working before and after school hours, in the coal mine. Then, for the better disposition of his time, he took employment in the house of a local magnate, whose wife had the strictest Yankee notions of neatness, order and hon-

esty. The new boy of all work adopted her standards, with immense profit to his own future.

By this time he had heard of the Hampton Institute in Virginia, and he was only 13 or 14 years old when he left Malden, with pitifully little money in his pocket, to make his way to Hampton.

The travel-stained, hungry boy who presented himself for admission to the Institute must have looked anything but a promising candidate. After hours of uncertainty the head teacher luckily gave him just the chance he was best qualified to take. "The adjoining recitation room," she said, "needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it." Before the teacher's inspection of his work, Washington had swept the room three times, and four times had applied the dust cloth to woodwork, benches and desks. He had moved every piece of furniture and cleaned every closet and corner. When the teacher could find no speck of dust, she declared, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

His entrance examination won him immediately a janitor's job, which he held throughout his three years at the school. Through working, besides, in summertime as a waiter, through hard-earned help from a brother whom he prepared later for Hampton, and with the assistance of a Northern friend of the school, he managed to meet the expenses of the institution.

At his graduation from Hampton in 1875, Washington was on the "honor roll" of commencement speakers. After two years of teaching in the colored school at Malden came eight months of profitable study at the Wayland Seminary in Washington, attended by more prosperous Negroes not in search of industrial training. The experience tended to confirm his belief in schools of the Hampton type, as contributing more to a sense of self-dependence.

In himself this sense was strengthened by an invitation to return to West Virginia and take the stump as a political speaker on behalf of choosing Charleston as the capital of the

state. This he did with marked success, and immediately received the further encouragement of a request to deliver the "post-graduate address" at the Hampton Commencement, an invitation followed by the offer of a place on the teaching staff at Hampton.

Booker Washington, hardly more than 20, seized the opportunity to the full. The result was that when two years later an inquiry came to Hampton from Alabama about a suitable person, presumably white, to take charge of a Negro normal school about to be opened in the town of Tuskegee, General Armstrong recommended Booker Washington.

What Washington found when he went to Tuskegee was nothing more than the assurance of an annual appropriation of \$2000 from the Alabama legislature. And this was entirely for teaching. Not a building, or any means for erecting one, was in sight. A white politician had simply bargained for the Negro vote with a former slave by promising to secure state funds for a Negro school. But he provided Booker Washington with the greatest of his advantageous obstacles in the form of what his biographers have well called a "landless, buildingless, teacherless and studentless institution of learning."

Washington's first task was to find a schoolhouse and to strengthen local sentiment for the support of the school. The schoolhouse presented itself in the form of a shanty with so leaky a roof that on rainy days one pupil had to hold an umbrella over the teacher's head while other pupils recited their lessons. There was also prejudice to be overcome. Negroes suspected that a teacher without a "reverend" before his name must be a godless man. Among the whites there were many who opposed all Negro education.

Washington encountered appalling conditions in the neighborhood—whole families sleeping in one-room cabins and eating miserable food. It was from just such cabins, however, that he secured his first recruits for the

school, which was opened July 4, 1881, with 30 pupils.

Washington made it a cardinal principle that any work to be done should be done by the pupils themselves. The opportunities came thick and fast upon the early purchase, with \$500 borrowed on his own responsibility and punctually repaid, of a plantation near Tuskegee, with a dilapidated mansion house and other buildings suited to school use. When a bit of woodland needed to be cleared he organized a "chopping bee," and worked so hard with his own ax that the doubtful ones were ashamed into emulating him. When further building became possible he conquered extreme difficulties in the way of establishing a brick kiln and teaching his pupils both to make and to lay bricks. In every way he emphasized the dignity of labor.

From the humble beginnings of 1881 the Tuskegee Institute has grown into a vast institution enrolling, at the time of Washington's death in 1915, some 1800 students, with a corporate property valued at \$2,000,000 and with 47 trades taught in 100 buildings on more than 2000 acres—all in large measure a demonstration of one man's character and ability.

On Sept. 18, 1895, Washington appeared, on the invitation of the Directors of the Atlanta Cotton States and International Exposition, as the speaker representing the negro race at the ceremonies by which the Exposition was opened. He seized the opportunity in a manner which changed his status in 15 minutes from that—to employ his own words—of "merely a negro school teacher in a rather obscure industrial school" to that of a national leader of his race.

The speech was the very model of simplicity, forcefulness, eloquence, and was charged with the sincerity and good sense which mark the highest statesmanship. When at one point he raised his right hand, with fingers spread apart, and declared, "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one

as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress," the audience abandoned itself to frantic expressions of approval. At the end of the speech, Governor Bullock, of Georgia, crossed the platform and in the eyes of the great audience shook the orator's hand with a heartiness which must have prepared him in some measure for the letter that came soon afterward from President Cleveland, saying, with other commendations of the address: "I think the Exposition would be fully justified if it did not do more than furnish the opportunity for its delivery."

Thenceforth, his rare abilities as a public speaker, his invariable demonstrations of sincerity, good will, and wisdom, won for him a repute and recognition which presaged the high place he was to occupy in American life. Yet because of a widespread antagonism, in a fraction of the Negro population, to the theories which Hampton and Tuskegee put into practice, the winds of conflict among his own people blew fiercely about him. Such differences, however, were merely local affairs. Not so was the commotion which followed Booker Washington's acceptance of President Roosevelt's invitation to break bread with him at the White House.

It was in 1901 that Washington dined at the White House in order to discuss with the President, who greatly valued his counsel, certain political appointments about to be made in the South. That night Washington took a train to New York, and the next morning noticed in one of the newspapers an obscure item about himself as a guest at the White House.

But the correspondent of a Southern journal seized upon the incident as the basis for a front-page, scare-head communication. The Southern press took it up with resounding outcries against the two men, immediately charged with conspiracy to tear down the social barriers between the races. Both became the objects of violent abuse, even to the point of threats against their lives. Indeed, it became known later that an assassin was

hired by residents of Louisiana to visit Tuskegee and kill Booker Washington.

Through all the turmoil both Roosevelt and Washington remained silent. Ten years later Washington wrote, in *My Larger Education*: "The public interest aroused by this dinner seemed all the more extraordinary and uncalled for because, on previous occasions, I had taken tea with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle; I had dined with the Governors of nearly every state in the North; I had dined in the same room with President McKinley at Chicago at the Peace Jubilee dinner; and I had dined with ex-President Harrison in Paris, and with many other prominent men."

Nothing could suggest more clearly than this affair the extreme thinness of the ice on which Washington was constantly obliged to make his way, especially in his relations with the Southern whites. It bears testimony to the wisdom and efficiency of his course in seeking always to conform with the social customs of the section or country in which he found himself that the full record of his experiences as an incessant traveler, is so innocent of items of awkwardness to himself or to others.

Up and down the land, North and South, he traveled—a life calling for constant outpouring of physical strength. He suffered several complete collapses; and in the autumn of 1915, after treatment in a New York hospital, returned to Tuskegee, where he died on the morning of his arrival.

"History will tell us of two Washingtons," said Andrew Carnegie, "one white, the other black, both fathers of their peoples." His life had dramatized the possibilities of a race. Let the skeptic look at a recent issue of the *Negro Year Book*, setting forth the contemporaneous record of the race in business, industry, agriculture, education and the arts. Let him remember the conditions of the race when its progress up from slavery began. Then leave him to his own conclusions.

Removing the Risk in Foreign Trade

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (January '26)

Rufus Steele

A SAFETY factor has been developing in American export trade for several years that is so sound that it can hardly fail to exert a swiftly increasing influence upon our business abroad. This factor is foreign-credit insurance.

The experience of a single exporter reflects in a degree the experience of hundreds.

"A good many years ago," a Kansas flour manufacturer told the writer, "our concern went after and secured orders from abroad, until we were selling in six countries. But soon our troubles developed from having trusted the wrong buyers. We tried hard to find a channel of information through which we might keep posted as to the worthy and the unworthy. What we found was that no such channel existed. Finally, after rather severe losses, we withdrew from the foreign market altogether, and our employes, in common with those of many other flour mills, were idle about half the time.

"Then I learned, late in 1919, that in Chicago a group of manufacturers, having found some magical way of obtaining accurate information about foreign buyers, were forming the American Manufacturers' Foreign Credit Insurance Exchange for the purpose of insuring their members against loss on their shipments. I investigated, found that for once what sounded like a fairy tale was true, and joined the Exchange. We had the satisfaction of seeing our mills go back to capacity. We were doing once more a foreign business—but with a difference that was to us almost incredible. There weren't any losses. Every shipment was covered with credit insurance in its full value. We no longer lay awake nights wondering whether the foreign buyers were going to pay."

The new kind of protection for the exporter involves the story of an earnest man's vision, of large difficulties overcome, and of eventual fulfillment. It is a chapter of commercial history with all the flavor and interest of a romance.

After the Armistice a Chicago manufacturer, Mr. George R. Meyercord—he was president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association—resumed his practice of traveling in Europe in the interest of his wares. He took a large order in Brussels in two hours and spent four days in finding out that the resources of the buyer were not what they appeared to be. He landed a similar order in Stockholm and was six days in securing information that caused him to notify the buyer that he must pay in advance. The manufacturer-salesman realized that in like circumstances an ordinary traveling salesman, under necessity of making a showing, might not take all these heroic steps, but would pass responsibility to the helpless credit man back at home.

Then an inspiration came to the man from Chicago. Somebody somewhere in America, he reasoned, must know the truth about this or that regular European buyer, because somebody somewhere had had dealings with every one. He saw then that a central source of credit information could be created if the manufacturers and merchants and bankers of the United States could be induced to pool their ledger experience and foreign credit files. Furthermore, with credit ratings established and tabulated, a non-profit-seeking insurance association could be formed among the manufacturers themselves for the mutual underwritings of their risks in a manner hitherto unknown.

The originator of this novel plan

returned home. He outlined his plan before the National Foreign Trade Convention at Cincinnati. A fund of \$300,000 was subscribed to set up practical foreign credit machinery and to start experts upon the huge task of gathering the foreign credit information. Sixty international banks gave access to their files. One manufacturer or exporter after another yielded his ledger experience without reservation into the pool.

Ending its first year with 300 firms participating and the operation carrying on successfully, the Exchange felt that its principle had been vindicated. Foreign credit insurance worked, and with the elimination of the risk most of the fear of unknown customs and unknown tongues vanished also. An insurance certificate that guaranteed the continued responsibility of the buyer was an impressive invitation to manufacturers to take a fresh interest in trade abroad. A good many plants that came hopefully to the Exchange found it possible to build up an export trade that absorbed from 10 to 30 per cent of their total output—that final 10 to 30 per cent, the profitable disposal of which would spell the difference between a good year and a poor one.

With five path-finding years behind it, the Exchange now has a membership of more than 1100 firms, about half of which took their first steps in foreign trade under its protecting wing. The machinery for maintaining a universal ledger is imposing. The legal department occupies an entire floor of a large building. In another building 150 persons—credit experts and their assistants—are engaged in digesting the continuous flow of credit information. Twenty thousand reports come in every month. Names and ratings are checked up with a swiftness suggesting that the largest amount of credit information ever gathered into one place is as accessible as the ledger of a village store.

The market guide for Latin America alone contains 45,000 names. Com-

piling the current edition involved 6000 rating corrections. Here are the experience charts by which the insurance rates, which do not contemplate a profit, were determined. The premiums, varying with the hazard, range from \$7.50 to \$25 for each \$1,000 of valuation.

Imposters have found the Exchange the liveliest kind of a detective agency. The legal department has branch offices in the strategic centers of the world, and in addition has secured reliable correspondent lawyers on every active trade frontier. The legal department attacked the intricate problems that must be solved in the salvaging of accounts, the diverting of shipments in transit and their resale in foreign ports, and the administering of bankrupt estates. The unscrupulous one among foreign buyers soon discovered that there were some American shippers who were not so ready as he had supposed to scale down their just bills, but who would fight him to a finish in the courts of his own land.

There were surprises in store as well for certain unfair sellers, who found that the Exchange would not press unjust claims and would expel a member who tried an unfair practice a second time.

The British desired the Exchange to establish a credit and underwriting association in England, but the Exchange replied that its undivided services must be given to the United States.

The credit information of the Exchange shows that the good and the bad exist in about the same proportion under brown skins and yellow skins as under white. It proves that there can be caste without honesty in India, and honesty without caste. It shows that if there are still pirates in the Caribbean, there are also merchants there of so rigid a sense of honor that when they cannot meet their financial obligations they are ready to follow the code of their grandfathers and drive a blade into their vitals.

Luck for the Luckless

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (March '26)

Oscar M. Sullivan

SOCIETY'S treatment of the broken, maimed, and malformed is a long and ungenerous tale. In our own day for the first time in history has a ray of promise fallen upon the luckless ones. For the first time a great nation has formulated and put into effect a definite scientific plan for giving a normal wage-earning life to its disabled citizens. The plan has been followed in the United States for five years and has given results which prove its soundness as well as its humanity.

Alms-giving appears to have been the only prescription for the crippled evolved by mankind through era after era. Medieval Europe developed it into a fine art. Very few seem to have noticed that no lasting good resulted for the disabled. On the contrary it destroyed their self-respect and their chance for a decent life, it confirmed the inferiority that their neighbors had fastened upon them, and it increased the ill repute in which they were held by adding to their ranks great numbers of malingerers and spurious cripples. The evil has continued to the present day. Even in modern America, in the back of the average man's mind is the idea that a physical handicap makes begging entirely excusable.

Probably the United States would have taken the step to break the long neglect of the ages even if there had been no World War. For years before 1914 the movement to provide hospital care and education for crippled children had been gathering strength. A short time before, the workmen's compensation movement, aiming at bringing justice to industrial accident victims, had spread over the country. Providing occupations for the disabled was an inevitable step. But the war called attention to the possibilities of rehabilitating disabled soldiers and hastened the day when provision was

made for civilians. In 1918 and 1919 a number of the States passed legislation with the radically new idea of setting up a public agency for bringing to the physically handicapped training designed to give them wage-earning ability. And in 1920 the federal Civilian Rehabilitation Act was passed.

The federal act appropriated a million dollars a year for four years "for the vocational rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry or otherwise," to be divided among the States in proportion to population, and conditional on the spending of an equal amount of money for the same purpose by each State receiving aid. The Federal Board for Vocational Education was given the administration of the act and authorized to assist the States by research and advice. In 1924 the act was renewed for six years, notwithstanding the gathering storm of antagonism to federal subsidies.

In practice none of the bogies recently conjured by Governor Ritchie and others as the boon companions of federal subsidies have been observed. The States have done the actual work of rehabilitation, and the Federal Board has punctiliously kept within its advisory sphere. Thirty-nine States have now accepted the cooperative plan and have set going a system for making producing citizens out of human wreckage.

Thus in a period of a few years a revolution has been effected in a great nation's treatment of an age-long problem. It has been done quietly. Therein is a part of its weakness. The luckless group, now so surprisingly benefited, has never been articulate. Few know of the movement or realize its accomplishments. They do not know that in the third year after the beginning of the work, when Congress was deliberating whether to continue its support, the official records showed

that 4,530 handicapped persons had been converted into producers, and that the annual earnings of those persons were \$4,530,000. Since then results have multiplied. In this uninformed state of the public mind lies a danger not only that extensions urgently needed will not be made but that in a time of stress the whole structure so carefully and toilsomely erected may be brought to the ground.

A million-dollar institution in each State would have been tangible and visible evidence that something was being done for the disabled. But in this field it appeared that the most economical and most effective method consisted in making separate arrangements for each individual.

The outstanding truths which the work revealed were the almost infinite variations in human aptitudes and the marvelous resiliency of the human spirit. At one time workers in rehabilitation had the notion that the selection of a new occupation could be pretty well standardized if a table could be made up showing what a considerable number of persons with various disabilities were doing. Today such a table, and a very complete one, is available, but no one any more has visions of an automatic solution of vocational guidance. Human nature defies standardization.

The discovery was soon made that the disability did not condition rehabilitation nearly so much as did the type of mentality. One man with the same disability as another would come through the ordeal of surgical and hospital care with spirits unabated, would direct his efforts toward acquiring a suitable occupation with a zest that insured triumph. A second man would break down completely under the strain of his misfortune and refuse even to consider the method by which he could restore his earning-power.

But every State had hundreds of examples of surprising responses, of lives reoriented and reconstructed when the difficulties seemed insurmountable. Minnesota, to illustrate, has had a young man who was confined to his bed because of a broken

spine but who nevertheless took a commercial course and set up an insurance business. It has had persons who could not move out of a wheel-chair but who have engaged in salesmanship over the telephone or have taken up tutoring or who have become photograph retouchers. The underlying truth is so old that it is found ideally phrased by the Chinese poet Po Chui, who was stricken with paralysis about the year 842 A. D.:

"All that matters is an active mind;
what is the use of feet?"

By land one can ride in a carrying chair,

by water be rowed in a boat."

Rehabilitation work calls attention to a line of research for the future. Since morale is so important, should not psychology and psychiatry discover new ways of effecting it, and thereby reduce to still smaller limits the number that go into the scrap-heap? Only of recent years has the place of morale in the success of workers in general been given due appreciation. For the ordinary worker it is essential; for the handicapped worker it is doubly so. It is especially easy for him to develop a defeatist attitude. If, as Elton Mayo, the University of Pennsylvania economist, contends, there is under our industrial system too great a tendency for the average person to give way to pessimistic reverie, what is to be expected in the case of a person who has suffered a bodily impairment? Then, if ever, irrationalities of attitude would be developed. It speaks well for the inherent grit of human nature that so many of the disabled win their way clear of abnormalities of outlook and come back to a healthy and normal economic existence. Not the considerable percentage of wrecks but the notable proportion of reconstructed lives is the surprising thing.

The rehabilitation work is unquestionably inadequate at present. Large numbers of handicapped are uncared for. But what public work is adequate in its beginnings? Luck has already been brought to thousands of luckless, by an epoch-making plan.

A Klondike in the Tropics

Condensed from *The World's Work* (March '26)

John W. Vandercook

EL DORADO and its golden dreams has become simply a synonym for empty legendry. It is not realized that El Dorado still exists, and that the gold which Sir Walter Raleigh and the Spanish gallants failed to find in 1595 is still there. But it is true. And today, American business men are off for the same old legendry shores.

El Dorado was, of course, a definite locality, but geographers have let that title disappear and have substituted the name Surinam for the same land. (Surinam is the correct name of the country which is commonly but erroneously called Dutch Guiana.) Surinam is Holland's most important New World possession, and lies just above the equator, between British and French Guiana, on the northern coast of South America. Its area is about 54,000 square miles and its population more than 100,000, a large part of which is in the capital, Paramaribo.

Along the flat coastal plains are a series of rich plantations where sugar, coffee, and other tropical stuffs have been grown uninterruptedly and without fertilizer for 300 years. But behind the farthest fields there is only a vast area of dense, almost impassable, and enormously rich jungle.

When the Dutch, with a singular error of judgment, ceded, by the Peace of Breda in 1667, Manhattan Island to England in exchange for Surinam, the far-away colony sank into a dark and disappointed obscurity. But now Americans are proving that Surinam is, in its potentialities, a wonderfully wealthy place. El Dorado is on the eve of a belated justification.

Gold is the first thing one associates with the Guiana region, and rightly. Surinam is believed, on excellent authority, to conceal the richest de-

posits of gold that are to be found anywhere in the two hemispheres. Experts who have made careful surveys assert that the deposits of Surinam compare favorably with the Yukon and with California. For 50 years Surinam has shipped to Holland about 2000 pounds of gold ingot yearly. The work of mining in the malarial clearings, however, far back in the jungles, has not attracted capital, or even highly skilled prospectors. Most of the gold has been found in gravel deposits in the form of small nuggets and coarse dust. This is gold washed down in past ages from mother lodes higher in the hills. Promoters are dreaming now of finding some mother lode back in the impenetrable jungle.

A rush to a tropical Klondike would be filled with suffering and death, as the trackless jungles are full of malaria and disease. While in the Surinam interior, I was invited by a Negro to visit a little mine. He led me through the sweating, gloomy jungle to a tiny ravine in the hillside. My guide waded into the mud, hacked at a gravel bank with a pick, filled his gold-pan, and began the painful business of swirling it under water. Then it began to rain. In an instant we were drenched. The gloomy ravine became so dark that one could scarcely see 20 yards. But the Negro miner kept on. In an hour he had found about \$40 worth of gold. But never was such an amount more arduously earned.

Gold is but one feature of the wealth of El Dorado. A group of American business men have organized a company in Surinam to exploit a 2,000,000-acre concession for the cultivation of Sea Island cotton, one of the rarest crops known to the textile industry.

In former years the southeastern United States held a practical monopoly on its production; but the boll weevil changed all that. American fields yielded 117,559 bales of Sea Island cotton in 1916 and none in 1924.

Two crops of the staple can be reaped each year in Surinam; the number of cotton bolls per plant at each reaping are from five to six times greater than the best yield ever achieved in the United States; moreover, the boll weevil is not indigenous to Surinam, and, even if it does appear, it can be exterminated immediately and cheaply by the simple expedient of flooding the cotton fields—the one perfect means of wiping out the boll weevil. The temperature, which ranges between 74 and 85 degrees during the year, is ideal for this crop.

Land need not be bought. It may be rented from the government for a few cents annually per acre, for any specified purpose. The Government welcomes foreign capital.

Future industries in the colony can be supplied on demand with any number of Javanese laborers who will work efficiently and faithfully for 30 or 40 cents a day! Holland's richest colony, Java, is over-populated. Many Javanese families are therefore delighted to go to Surinam under a five-year contract. At the end of that period they are privileged either to return to Java at no cost to themselves or to receive an allotment of land in Surinam. Few of these hard-working Javanese ever take a ticket home and there are now nearly 20,000 in Surinam.

Another commercial venture has been established by Americans—the quarrying of bauxite deposits. Bauxite is the ore from which aluminum is derived. The company built a town in the jungle, populated it with 800 engineers and laborers, shipped a miniature railroad and mining machinery to the spot, and started work. The plan is also to harness the powerful current of the Maroni river, and erect factories in the very midst of the jungles to reduce the bauxite ore

to its final commercial forms of pure aluminum, with the usual by-products. The aluminum concern will also export timber.

Surinam boasts the most beautiful hardwoods to be found anywhere in the world. They have been almost wholly neglected. Mahogany, snake-wood, green-heart, brown-heart, purple-heart, and innumerable other exotic trees grow in rich and magnificent profusion. When they are cut and seasoned, no price in any world market is held too high to pay for them.

One difficulty has always been that of transportation. Hardwoods sink in water like rock. But in Surinam live a tribe of jungle Negroes who, alone among mortals, have developed a skill that enables them to bring down from the interior great cargoes of hardwoods through even the most raging rapids, with never the loss of a beam. The timbers are buoyed up by outrigger canoes lashed to them, and the Negroes shoot the rapids with the unwieldy raft by sheer perfection of knowledge of the ways of the river.

Last year the Department of Forestry of Surinam made a discovery. A pier built 125 years ago had to be removed. The original wooden piles were still in almost perfect condition. Not one borer in more than a century had worked its way through even the outer bark of the pile logs. In northern waters the average life of the best piling seldom exceeds eight or ten years. The old piles proved to be bassra locust, and mamberlak—trees that grow in profusion all over Surinam. Both timbers have an unusually high content of silicon, the element of which common sand is composed. The wood is literally like rock. Mamberlak, in fact, resists the edge of any power saw that has ever been invented. But it seems highly likely that the permanent qualities of the timbers will recommend them for extensive waterfront use.

Gold mines of many sorts are indigenous to El Dorado, and the country has become again a destination for adventurous dreams. New galleons will soon carry new cargoes.

The Dangers of Modernism

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March '26)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

PARTISAN loyalty is one of the easiest and cheapest virtues to acquire in any realm, and in religion it is so cheap and easy that in its results it is hardly distinguishable from vice. Its unhappy consequences are seen in the strained relationships between the fundamentalists and modernists. Under present conditions men are inevitably being forced into one group or the other. Then, wearing a tag, they must display it; following a banner, they must be true to it; and at last they achieve the *summum bonum* of all partisanship—the ability to believe everything evil about the other side and everything good about their own. Half of our fiery controversies would die out for lack of fuel if it were not for that sort of partisanship. Few things are more needed in religious affairs today than fundamentalists with some honest doubts about fundamentalism and modernists with some searching misgivings about modernism.

A leading liberal sums up the present situation as a division between "arid liberalism" and "acrid literalism." There is much uncomfortable truth in the statement. One of the most beneficent enterprises in which any modernist can now engage is the painful facing of the spiritual aridity of some of our liberalism.

The liberal movement is, for one thing, a protest against the fundamentalist assault upon intelligence. If that assault should succeed it would bring on a twentieth-century replica of the dark ages in religion. Modernism sees clearly that the divorce of religion from intelligence is fatal to religion, and desires to preserve a cordial alliance between the two.

That this alliance must be fought for seems clear, and the fundamentalists have no one but themselves to blame for the insistence with which modern-

ists force the issue. In New York recently a prominent fundamentalist brought a mass meeting to cheers by asserting, "I would rather have my son learn his A B C's in heaven than know his Greek in hell." The most towering fundamentalist figure of this generation insisted before thousands of audiences from coast to coast that it was more important to know the Rock of Ages than the ages of the rock. Who doubts it? But why the contrast? Why this constant intimation that intelligence and Christianity are incompatible? The nemesis of this sort of thing is already upon us in many of our youth who believe what they are being told and, not willing to fore swear intelligence, are surrendering Christianity.

This, then, is one of the major origins of modernism. It takes up the cudgels for intelligence in religion. The central interest of many a modernist minister more and more gathers at that point. And there is his pitfall. A fundamentalist minister who, with all his fundamentalism, loves men and is centrally interested in the inward life which men live with God and their own consciences, will do much more good than a modernist who, in desperately trying to be modern, forgets what religion is all about. St. Francis of Assisi had world-views that any child could easily correct, but that did not prevent his being a glorious saint, and many a modern man is as up to date as the last news from the laboratory can make him but that does not prevent his being an abysmal pagan.

Many a liberal preacher is so anxious to be rational that he forgets to be religious. To rely on mere modernism for the furtherance of vital religion, with which we should be pre-eminently concerned, is absurd. Liberal Christianity will never win the day merely because it is intelligent

but because, being intelligent, it proves able in this new generation to inspire ardent faith in God, open men's lives to His sustaining companionship, make Christ and all that He stands for the burning center of imagination and devotion, release men from the tyranny of fear, sickness and sin, create robust, serviceable character, transform social, economic, international life, and produce saints, martyrs, and prophets. Such is the test of any Christianity, and modernism need expect no special favors. Our chief enemy is not "acrid literalism," but "arid liberalism."

Modernism has another origin in profound dissatisfaction with the present denominational situation. The hundred sects into which the Christian movement in America is today divided present a spectacle at once so pathetic and so ridiculous that Christian people who deeply care about the fortunes of religion could not be expected to be silent.

Parties in politics, medicine, law, or religion that represent living issues serve an indispensable function; but parties that represent nothing worthy of serious thought, that persistently endeavor to galvanize into life issues properly dead generations ago, that waste the loyalties of men, crucially needed for large matters, on trivial discriminations of belief and practice, which have no consequence one way or another in personal and social character—what can be said in defense of them?

Such in general is a typical modernist's attitude and once more his virtue is likely to be his undoing. For there is a great deal more in these old denominations than the trifling peculiarities which ostensibly distinguish them. These churches have become more than the items of their creeds and policies; they have become to multitudes of people symbols of spiritual life, shrines of household memories and personal loyalty. Their wreck would involve much dependent

flower and foliage, well worth preserving, which is growing on them. To forget this is always the temptation of the radical.

Nothing is to be done in this realm by scorn. No one is fit to handle these questions who has not learned the fine art of reverencing other people's reverences. That is a lesson which impatient modernists need commonly to learn.

The liberal movement in Christianity never can expect to arrive at any hopeful conclusion until it thus quits its superciliousness about the churches and, without abating one jot of its conviction about their follies, sets itself resolutely to build out of them the kind of churches that this generation needs. If it can do that, it wins. If it cannot do that, it will evaporate. Wherever some church breaks through the exclusive features of its own denominationalism, supersedes them, becomes inclusive of the community's best spiritual life and so exerts a dynamic force for real Christianity which no right-minded person in the town can gainsay, there liberalism gets a local habitation and a name.

There are no short-cuts to great ends. The overpassing of our present ignoble denominationalism and the achievement of inclusive churches which will pave the way for ultimate unity on a larger scale, means tireless, persistent work and experimentation in local fields. Unless modernists see that clearly, the fundamentalists will wipe them off the religious map. The liberals are vehemently critical of the present churches; they are amply justified, but that is not the test. Can they themselves build churches that will meet the needs of this new generation, become shrines of devotion, centers of spiritual inspiration and practical service? That is the test. Modernism to date has been largely a movement of protest and criticism. If it is to serve any abiding purpose it must pass through protest to production, through criticism to creation.

Joan of Arc

Condensed from *The Mentor* (March '26)

Albert Bigelow Paine, Author of Joan of Arc: Maid of France

AFTER five centuries, Joan of Arc remains the most fascinating figure of history. More than ever she stands revealed as the marvel of all time, the little peasant girl who at 17 led an army, and in a few brief months threw back an intrenched enemy, led a timid prince to his coronation, and made conquerors of a war-weary and all but vanquished people.

Never had France been brought so low. Crushed by 100 years of warfare with England, Joan's country was no longer a nation, but a chaos of warring factions, striving for personal gain. Burgundy was allied with England. Anarchy reigned. Great captains had become freebooters; soldiers had become mere marauders; even the peasants, forming themselves into cruel bands, laid waste far and wide.

And now had come a fearful, and what seemed a final, blow. At Verneuil the king's army had met the combined English and Burgundian forces, in a disaster that had fairly crushed the French spirit, as well as its battalions. It was after Verneuil that the Voices came to Joan of Arc. Whatever their explanation, to Joan they were realities. She heard them; she obeyed them.

During four years visions and Voices continued to come, and in time revealed to the child what she was to do. She was to lead the king's armies, and herself conduct him to Rheims, to be crowned. Uncrowned, Charles VII was a mere semblance in the eyes of the people. Crowned and anointed he would symbolize authority, the will of God.

The crisis came when in 1428, Orléans on the Loire, key to all the south of France, was besieged by the English. The Voices now explicitly told Joan she would raise the siege. She took up quarters in Vaucouleurs, and the common people—always the first to recognize a deliver—believed in her. . . .

Accepted at last, and clad in a suit of white armor, with a sword, Joan was ready for battle. At Blois in two days she reformed the outrageous morals of her army, then with chanting priests and 4,000 men set out for Orléans. Her wish was to march straight into the beleaguered city, disregarding the English forts. The leaders misled her and she found herself on the wrong side of the river. The winds were adverse; the boats could not ascend the river to where there was a safe crossing. The Maid, the army, all Orléans, waited. The wind could not change possibly. Then it changed—a miracle!

But the boats could not take the army, nor did Joan wish it. She crossed with 200—the rest marched back to Blois, to cross by the bridge. On her white horse, fully armored, preceded by her standard, she entered the invested city. About her pressed the crowds, "to whom it seemed that she was an angel of God."

Waiting for the return of her army, Joan, when came evening, mounted the city walls and warned the English to return to their own land. They shouted back at her that she was a milkmaid and a harlot, promising to burn her. But they were struck with fear, for when the army came back from Blois, Joan rode out and escorted it past their forts, but a few yards distant, while they made no sign. How had she known that this would happen?

Asleep after dinner, Joan suddenly roused, and called for her armor and her horse, declaring that the blood of France was being spilled. . . . The French had attacked an English fort and as usual were getting the worst of it. Mounted, she plunged into action. "Forward with God!" Her appearance on the field demoralized the enemy. All were killed or captured. That night she declared that the siege would be raised in five days.

It was raised in four—three days of fighting. On the second day she captured two forts across the river. At a moment when her men yielded she dashed forward. "In God's name, forward boldly!" and the battle was won. On the third day she attacked the dreaded bridgehead, the Tournelles. Desperately wounded through the upper shoulder she wept like the girl of 17 that she was; then, after prayer, returned to the assault, rallied her retreating forces, swept the enemy from the works and rode back to Orléans, by the captured bridge. The siege of Orléans was ended. The city in raptures hailed her as, henceforth and forever, the "Maid of Orléans."

Joan raised another army and assaulted Jargeau. Standard in hand Joan led the way up the ladders. A stone flung from above struck her down. An instant later she was on her feet. "Friends, friends, up! up! Our Lord has condemned the English!" A moment later Jargeau was taken. Meung and Beaugency fell after slight resistance. Then, a week later, came the fearful slaughter of Patay, where English power was forever broken in France.

Back to the king with the news. "Come to Rheims and receive your crown!" From Glen, a shining cavalcade of 12,000 wound its way through the hills. In white armor the unknown peasant girl of four months earlier was conducting her king to Rheims. The impossible dream was coming true. . . . When the army was refused entry to Troyes, Joan prepared for assault. Troyes yielded next morning.

And now the coronation: The great assemblage in the cathedral at Rheims; Charles VII in his robes, amid dignitaries of Church and State, and by his side, with her banner, Joan of Arc. The peasant girl of Domremy crowns her king! The audience weeps and prays. She could have named her reward; but she only asked that her villages, Domremy and Greux, be freed from taxes.

Already the king's counselors were hatching treachery. A shameful treaty concluded with Burgundy prevented

the immediate march on Paris which Joan had planned. Treachery, delays, obstacles—weeks wasted in futile drifting—an army breaking up. Then at last an attack on Paris, when it was too late, when the paltry king, in the mesh of the spidery Burgundy, saw to it that it *would* fail. Wounded and sick at heart Joan lays her white armor on the altar of St. Denis.

Back again to the Loire—a victory, brilliant but unimportant—then more wasted months, and at last a dash with such as will follow her for the regions around Paris where the fruits of her great victories were being flung away. How the weeks rush by—wasted weeks, with defeat and declining prestige—and then—Compiègne. Success at first, then suddenly, for the enemy, reinforcements. They press upon her; Joan of Arc will fight no more.

And now months of imprisonment at the castles of her Burgundian captor. News comes that Compiègne will presently be captured and the inhabitants massacred. For herself she is to be sold to the English. She can endure no more. Commending her soul to God she leaps from her tower. The distance is 60 feet; she is picked up unconscious.

Bargained to the English for 10,000 francs, she is taken to another castle; then to Rouen—delivered to her English jailor. . . . And never, on the part of her king or her old companions, an attempt at her rescue.

A prisoner of war, Joan's treatment was that of a witch. Her prison was vile. Night and day she was loaded with chains. Two or more wretched, drinking, foul-mouthed guards were always in her cell. Then, after two months, the trial. For another month she was on the rack, in an effort to entrap her into damaging admissions. Single-handed, Joan met them, fought the great battle of her life. Finally, through treachery too vile to relate, she was made to relapse. After that—the scaffold. She died amid the flames at Rouen, while among the soldiers, clergy and townspeople that thronged the square were those who cried out: "We have burned a saint!"

Interpreting Joan of Arc

Condensed from *The Bookman* (March '26)

Joseph Collins

THE ashes of Joan of Arc were thrown into the Seine 500 years ago. Simultaneously, her spirit entered the bodies of men. It has quickened and softened their hearts and inspired and elevated their minds; it has convinced them of their close kinship to God. Next to Paul she is today the most illustrious personage of Christendom.

She is the inexhaustible material for pen or for interpretation, for sculptor or for painter, and she will be for all time, for the further removed we shall be from Joan of Arc, the less interested shall we become in the facts of her life, the greater thrill shall we get from its romance.

When a writer, be he novelist, poet, biographer, playwright, historian, has exhausted his material he turns to Joan of Arc. The Domremy heroine has tempted interpreters more than any other character of literature or of history; and this is not astonishing if we agree with Mark Twain that she was the most noble life ever born into this world save One. To interpret Him with any degree of success requires genius. To interpret Joan needs only love.

Her virtues have fascinated every man; her life has thrilled every child. She was the savior of her country. She delivered it of the enemy that first humiliated it, then dismembered it and threw the pieces to the dogs of war. She wrought a miracle.

It was this very miraculous quality that has made Joan of Arc not only an outstanding figure in the history of the world, but a Saint in the eyes of the Church. Strangely enough, it is the miraculousness of Joan's accomplishment that some of her recent biographers have attempted to mini-

mize; less of a goddess and more of a woman, seems to be the cry of the present generation.

There has never been a man who, reading an account of Joan's life and death, has not felt sick at heart when he came to her trial and martyrdom; who has not been revolted at the cruelty of the judges and the injustice of the judgment; who has not resented the treatment she received from her country and her church. But the heroine has had her reputation enhanced—made immortal—by her death at the stake of Rouen.

Twenty-five years after it, Pope Calixtus purged her of the offenses against God, man, and state; 500 years later, Pope Pius XI canonized her. But posterity did not wait for the verdict of the Church which killed her—her torturers pronounced their own condemnation when they said on leaving the remains of their victim: "We have burned a Saint."

Four great biographies of the Maid of Orleans have been written during the generation that is now passing: two by Americans, one by a Scotchman, and one by a Frenchman. The best is perhaps that of Francis Lowell. Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections* of Joan of Arc was not at first taken seriously, but it is a work which it would be difficult to overpraise. He had the true romantic spirit when he wrote it. It is all so tenuous, and yet so true, that one fears the enchantment will go when the book is put down—but it does not. It remains with one as does a beautiful panorama or an exquisite picture. It is romance in its truest form.

Andrew Lang, a Scot, did not share the inherited prejudice of the English; he shared, on the contrary, his

countrymen's admiration of Joan and he was not tempted to defend her persecutors. His book is redolent of admiration and affection. If one could buy only one book on the Maid he should buy Lang's, and then steal Twain's.

Anatole France, who never did anything unless he could do it well, wrote the fourth great life of Joan of Arc which has appeared within 30 years; it is a brilliant contribution, valuable in its documentation and as a mirror of the author's personality: documents and facts must be molded to suit his wit and allow the venom of his satire to sting humanity in general and the Church in particular.

The basis of all biographies of the Maid is the official Latin text of the Trial and Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc rescued from oblivion among the archives of France and published nearly a century ago by Jules Quicherat; it was rendered into English by T. Douglas Murray about 20 years ago. It is a precious book because of the validity of its claims, the genuineness of its authorities.

To the facts nothing can be added, but every biographer has latent in him a definite conception of the world's greatest heroine, and some of these conceptions give voice to the writer's song and color to his sketch. The marvel is not that so much has been written about Joan of Arc, but that there has not been more.

The latest French biography has just been awarded the Femina Prize, one of the most coveted of literary prizes. The winner is Joseph Delteil's *Jeanne d'Arc*. The author states that his chief reason for writing her life is that he fell in love with Joan of Arc. No one who reads his book can be sorry for his capitulation.

The love theme is the most novel conception of his book. Joan was loved by the Dauphin and she loved him; to him she was a heaven-sent gift, to her he was more than the symbol of the country for which she fought: he was a boy worthy of love and capable of sacrifice. One is sorry

that Joan had only a halfwit, a high grade imbecile, a mental and physical weakling to love and fight for, but he was stimulating enough, considering that he represented enormous latent power, and was the victim of great injustice. We have what we want of Joan in this modern biography: a sensible presence, not an intangible tower of sanctity.

Something similar may be said of Shaw's *Saint Joan*. He has produced a play great in theme and structural quality and great in the spirit he recreates. He has built around the heroic sacrifice of the Maid of Domremy a real drama, he has made clear the conflict of motives and of superstitious, dogma, and policy that made the trial of Joan one of the world's greatest tragedies.

Joan, he portrays as a sane and straight country girl of great strength of mind and hardness of body, calculating in her all actions; nothing of the popular quality of romance. Great self confidence which has the character of the soil with its native virtues, impelled by a stimulating idea and driving relentlessly toward its realization by force within her.

Albert Bigelow Paine is the latest contributor to the literature of Joan of Arc. His interest in the Maid was probably aroused when he was associated with Mark Twain. Mr. Paine does not endow his heroine with the quasi supernatural qualities with which Mark Twain has been so lavish. The simplicity of her childhood, the heroism of her youth, the superhuman masterfulness of her great gesture, the resourcefulness and the equanimity she displayed at her trial, the dignity of her death, and the setting of them is done with the skill of a literary artist. Mr. Paine's Joan of Arc is history more than imagination; it is a most readable book, instructive in its information, diverting in its presentation. Joan of Arc is presented as she was.

Now she is the mother of her country as George Washington is the father of his.

Changes in Business Ethics

Condensed from Current History (March '26)

Elbert H. Gary, Chairman, U. S. Steel Corporation

IN my opinion the world really has improved immeasurably within the last decade, and I believe the next ten years will witness an even broader and surer movement toward higher ethics in business, in private life and in public affairs.

It has been my privilege to witness, during the past 25 years, a radical change of mental attitude on the part of the men who conduct big business. When I first came to New York in connection with the problems growing out of the steel consolidation I encountered a code of practice that has almost disappeared. The managers of some large institutions apparently believed that so long as their conduct came within the strict, technical rules of law it was immune from public or private attack. With them the conception of moral duty did not extend beyond the belief that if no provision of public law was violated a corporation should be permitted to earn unlimited profit and might treat indifferently its customers, employees, competitors and even the public.

The Golden Rule had no place in the practice of that school and period. Competition was tyrannical and destructive. Weaker competitors were forced to quit business as the big combinations arose, sometimes by means not only unethical but brutal as well. Instead of competition existing as the life of trade and a very necessary element of progress, it was made the instrument of death in trade. Instead of monopoly being destroyed, it was thus encouraged. Instead of preventing increasing combinations of capital, such combinations were brought into being by the pressure of destructive competition.

Employers failed to give employees just consideration. Wage rates were

adjusted strictly in accordance with the laws of supply and demand. The welfare of the typical workman was decided almost entirely from the standpoint of utility and profit.

Such reasoning resulted in a similar stand by employees. Many of them assumed an unreasonable and wholly unethical position with regard to employers. Their forced partnership was marked by secret enmity bordering upon open hostility. And this situation resulted in hardship to the public, since costs of production necessarily were increased by the turmoil of industry.

It may be asserted with the fullest confidence that in the period of which I write business has undergone a moral overhauling without precedent. We see the evidences on all sides. Undoubtedly the world is growing better. To my personal knowledge many men of big affairs have completely changed their opinions and methods concerning ethical questions in business.

The majority of business men today conduct operations on the basis that right is superior to might; that morality is on a par with legality and the observance of both is essential to worthy achievement. They regard employees as associates and partners instead of servants. Executives have come to understand that stockholders are entitled to any reasonable information, so that under no circumstances can there be preferential rights or opportunities. At last it has been perceived—and this belief is spreading everywhere—that destructive competition must give way to humane competition; that the Golden Rule is not an empty phrase but a golden principle.

Finally, business as a whole sees that full and prompt publicity of all

facts involving the public weal, not only must be made possible, but must be insisted upon as a primary tenet of good faith.

We have learned—all of us, in our everyday affairs—that the opinion of the world means a great deal. When we put together the opinions of all the individuals making up the great public we create an abstract force that surpasses any comparison. Its power cannot be estimated. That power is respected today by the management of every great business. I have a faith in the justice of this power, for the mind of the mass is fair and reasonable, but it sometimes goes astray when led by misinformation or a lack of proper information. The existence of the delicate balance of public opinion has had no small share in contributing to the improvement of business ethics. We all know by our own experience that we cannot sleep or eat well, and cannot long enjoy life in the face of the opposing will of the majority. We dread the condemnation of even a few persons—though it might be undeserved—and that condemnation becomes many times more powerful as it is multiplied by added opinions.

It was the lack of an audible and militant public opinion that made possible the autocracies of the past. When men once began to express their opinions a consolidated power arose that has become the principal protection of the commonalty in our modern world.

If the reader should wish to be critical he might say that the scales of public opinion had been a weightier factor than the growth of an ethical code in improving the general practices of business. But I would ask permission to disagree. The gain from this unseen and intangible tribunal of public opinion should not be understood merely in terms of fear. In my belief the development of public opinion has been an outgrowth and accompaniment of the new ethical code. It rewards the deserving in as full a

measure and with the same sureness as it condemns the transgressor.

Ethical management earns additional profits. From considerable experience I assert with confidence and emphasis that the gains of any enterprise, large or small, will increase year by year when such a business is fairly and humanely conducted. There is yet another phase of this power arising from virtue. If the methods and conduct of an executive are sincerely believed by himself to be honest and proper, he will have the courage to stand immovably against any unworthy attack by the unscrupulous. A clear conscience is as mighty a weapon of defense for a business enterprise as it is for an individual.

Every influence bearing upon the ethical code in business affairs has special force when applied to the individual. Honesty is the keynote of character. Without it a man may have brilliant parts but fail of success because other men distrust him. If he has a reputation for honesty all things become possible. A large part of big business dealings is carried on by negotiation. Transactions of the first magnitude result from discussions of industrial and financial leaders, dealing at arm's length. The least misrepresentation would be remembered; the over-statement of a single fact might result in the lifelong discredit of the man responsible. The rule holds today that a man's word should be as good as his bond, involving the two qualities of honesty and accuracy. These qualities have a close relationship to the code of ethics; they are part of its very web.

Occasionally a man believed to be dishonest, or inclined to sharp practice, may seem to be successful, but almost invariably appearances are deceptive. It is likely to be found that his success is much less real than it seems, or certainly will be upon a lesser scale than if the same man were honest. As business is unquestionably one of the biggest things in the world, so honesty is the biggest thing in business.

The Six Fundamentals of Happiness

Condensed from The American Magazine (March '26)

William S. Sadler, M.D.

FOR twenty years I have been making notes on those things which contribute to happiness, or unhappiness. And I have found the *essentials* of a normal, happy life to consist of six things:

1. **GOOD HEALTH:** I could fill this article with stories of persons who, although in possession of those things which are generally conceded to make for happiness—lots of friends, leisure time, financial independence, cultural surroundings—lead miserable lives because of the handicap of ill health. And I have watched the blossoming of happiness in these people as sickness has finally been banished.

I know a man who is the picture of health and happiness, a man full of unquenchable energy, and obviously in love with life. Yet two years ago this man was the very picture of misery and despair. Every ounce of his strength was given to one thing—business. And, as business has a habit of doing, it had returned his singleness of purpose by giving him indigestion, bilious headaches, and insomnia. He made his business associates miserable in their contact with him. His wife and family suffered through his petulance and ill-temper, and his unpleasantness was reflected in daily quarrels. This worked on his undermined health to such an extent that he was on the verge of a complete breakdown when he asked my help. At first he had an extremely hard time getting hold of himself. But within a year he could sleep like a top, eat like a horse, and relax with the ease of a baby. From a cranky pessimist he changed to a thoroughgoing optimist, absolutely in tune with his associates, his family and environment. . . . In previous articles I have told how one may attain health, so that I cannot again go into the subject. But I can unhesitatingly say that health is the first

thing to be cultivated in our pursuit of happiness.

2. **CONGENIAL WORK:** A healthy person craves to be up and doing. He feels the urge to create, the ambition to produce. But our heart should be in our work. The better we like it, the harder we can labor without harmful effect on our health and our nerves. But even uncongenial work is not nearly as destructive to happiness as idleness. Idleness is vicious in its undermining qualities. I once knew an unusually happy business woman, one of those cheerful souls who are always the life of the party. An aunt died and left her a huge fortune. She quit work, established a palatial home, and began to lead the life of the idle rich. Now she is sickly, miserable, unhappy; yes, worse than that, she is grouchy.

My men patients often ask me if it would not be a good thing for them to give up work entirely and take it easy. I do not believe there is anything worse than to give up work *entirely* and take it easy. I have seen too many men go absolutely to pieces when they have followed such a course. They should lessen the work, take vacations, and get a number of outside interests; play golf, work in the garden, go fishing, get a hobby—but *not quit work*. Work is indispensable to happiness. Jesus said, "To every man his work."

3. **DISCIPLINE OR SELF-CONTROL:** There is constantly surging through the human soul a flood of conflicting impulses, feelings and emotions. Only by discipline and control of the mind can we weave them all into a harmonious pattern of peace and happiness. Although, as I have said, happiness has its roots in our physical well-being, it is essentially a thing of the mind.

You cannot always have your own

way. One of the important factors in a happy life is the ability to be a good loser and a good sport.

Worry never yet helped a person out of a tight place. There is only one thing to do: Face facts, decide what you are going to do, and *stick* to that decision. Vacillation and indecision are the handmaidens of worry and fear, and the archenemies of joy and happiness.

There is great power in accumulated effort, even though many of the individual exertions be recorded as failures. We may repeatedly try to get a grip on ourselves, only to fail; but in the end we achieve our aim through the moral muscular development which accrues as a result of our faithfulness in failure. I often think how splendid it would be if grown-up people would emulate the example of the Boy Scouts, and do at least one good deed a day—were it only to smile when they are feeling blue. Out of such small things as this are self-control and discipline developed. And discipline of mind must keep step with discipline of body if we are to capture and hold happiness.

4. HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP: We need the constant lift to our hopes and courage that human companionship alone can give. A solitary life predisposes to introspection and self-pity. To enjoy life thoroughly, we need the give and take, the constant interchange of ideas, the friendly interest and stimulus and support that association with our fellow-beings brings. And the more we cultivate the spirit of good fellowship the happier we will be. Friendliness begets friendliness.

5. REASONABLE LEISURE: By leisure, I mean activities of a pleasurable sort apart from the daily work. We live at too rapid a pace these days. We do not have time to cultivate friendship, family life, sympathy, and love. In fact, we live in such a rush that we miss the best things that life has to offer. Out of my experience I have come to believe more than ever in the good, old-fashioned division of

our day: eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play.

Every human being needs to have "outside interests," something that is entirely apart from his work, in order to get relaxation. A certain amount of play is essential to happiness, and the sooner we form the habit of taking time off to play, the healthier and happier will we be.

Sleep rests the body and the physical brain, but it doesn't afford a great deal of rest to the mind itself. The human mind is best relaxed and rested by a change of work, by variety and diversity. It is monotony that tires the mind. When you worry all day, you can sleep all night and wake up in the morning still tired.

I wish I had a record of the many self-centered sick people in whom has been wrought a great transformation after they have been initiated into the habit of spending a proper amount of time in play.

6. RELIGION: Man is naturally religious. He is healthier and happier if he enjoys the comfort and consolation of a spiritual belief. There is great satisfaction and spiritual contentment in genuine religious hope. Faith in a Supreme Being is inspiring and ennobling. Fear is at the bottom of much unhappiness, and faith is the only known cure for fear. And religious faith is the master mind-cure—no other form can exert such power in controlling or influencing human thought.

Religion exhorts us to do everything within our power to make this old world a better place to live in. Religion, too, affords many opportunities for the exercise of our more tender and uplifting emotions: awe, reverence, gratitude, humility, generosity. Christianity is founded on the idea and sentiment of love and duty. A belief in God and His mercy helps us to meet our trials with patience, our storms with confidence, our adversity with fortitude, our fear with faith, and death with the ringing assurance of life everlasting.

The Small Investor

Condensed from The Outlook (February 17, '26)

Seymour Cromwell

BUSINESS of every description gravitates to a center. In any large city you will find a center of retail shopping and a center of wholesale business where the great bulk of the city's trade is conducted. These centers are built up by natural processes. They exist because from the earliest periods of history mankind has found it most convenient to transact business at established market-places.

What applies to the business of a city applies on a larger scale to the business of the country and to the business of the whole world. Chicago has become the National center of the automobile industry and New York the principal financial market of the country, all by an evolutionary process. Were the Chicago grain and foodstuffs market suddenly obliterated by some catastrophe, it would be necessary to re-establish it, there or elsewhere, and with the utmost speed, too, in order to continue its clearing-house facilities, which are vital to the conduct of that business. These great National market-places are indispensable, and are established by the necessities of business at locations determined solely by convenience and force of circumstances.

Thus the New York Stock Exchange has become the central market-place for the securities of the Nation's enterprises. It exists as a great reservoir from which industries draw the capital necessary to finance their undertakings. It has rules and regulations which are strictly enforced for the protection of those who invest in the securities admitted to its list. Particularly does it strive to facilitate the purchase of small amounts of shares, to protect the small investor and to place him on exactly the same plane as the large investor. Every one of the protective rules of the Stock

Exchange applies as well to the purchase of 10 shares of stock as to the purchase of 10,000 shares.

Dealings on the Exchange disclose that the small investor is a big customer for securities. A substantial part of the daily business originates in orders for small lots of stock—"odd lots" they are called. The unit of trading on the New York Stock Exchange is 100 shares. An "odd lot" is any number of shares less than 100. In order to make possible purchases of small amounts of stock "odd lot" dealers operate on the Exchange.

Suppose an investor desires to buy 10 shares of a certain stock listed on the Exchange. He places his order with a Stock Exchange firm or with one of its representatives throughout the country. The firm receiving the order places it in turn with an "odd lot" firm, which executes the order, making, of course, a small charge for the service. This charge is in most cases $\frac{1}{4}$ point above the price at which the next full 100 shares of the stock are sold after the "odd lot" dealer accepts the order. But in the case of some less active stocks the charge is $\frac{1}{4}$ point.

The "odd lot" dealer may own the 10 shares he furnishes, but if he does not, he must buy 100 shares in order to furnish the small lot. He may, however, receive other small orders for the same stock and eventually will be able to dispose of the 100 shares he buys. But there is an element of risk that he will not be able to dispose of the full 100 shares speedily. On account of risk due to price changes, he is entitled to make the charge of $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ point. He also requires more clerical help in his operations than firms dealing in full lots, which adds to his expense.

It is essential that "odd lot" trans-

actions be understood by the public. Although the total volume of "odd lot" business indicates a growing appreciation of the value of the Exchange by smaller investors, the Exchange figures in the popular mind chiefly as the market-place for the big investor. The public must come to realize that the Exchange is not a financial octopus, but a financial center whose functions they have never thoroughly understood.

The tragedy of the small investor is that often he does not know that Stock Exchange securities can be bought in small lots from reputable firms. All too often he listens to the beguiling talk of slick peddlers of catchpenny certificates and parts with his money for a batch of highly decorated but otherwise worthless "stocks" or "bonds."

Because the Stock Exchange is a market-place in which hundreds of thousands of shares, often a million or more shares, are bought and sold daily, it performs yet another function in safeguarding the small investor: it provides him with securities which are readily marketable. The small investor must not be allowed to buy little-known bonds or unlisted securities, even though these may have real value, which he cannot dispose of at will. He must invest only in securities which have, in case of emergency, a free and open market.

The New York Stock Exchange is that free and open market. Its "odd lot" transactions provide the means whereby small investors may obtain, through legitimate brokerage firms, the same securities that millionaires purchase, with full assurance that these securities have a recognized market value and a ready market in which they can be sold again.

The continued growth of our country, the greater distribution of purchasing power among our working people, and the development of the saving habit combine to make the small investor a factor of increasing financial importance. Every effort to direct his investing power into safe

and legitimate channels demands the utmost support.

The World War changed the saving habits of the American people. Millions of them, through the purchase of Liberty Bonds, were for the first time aroused to the advantage of buying high-grade securities which regularly and conveniently paid interest on an investment as small as \$50, and which in addition were readily convertible into actual cash.

Americans have since put to good use the education acquired in the schoolroom of the Liberty Loans, and they have in this way not only advanced their own interests, but they have also added to the security and stability of American industrial institutions. The enlarged financial interest of employees and of the general public in industry will have its effect in counteracting demagogic attack and in creating intolerance for unwise legislative restrictions.

Compared with the few hundred thousand who formerly constituted our investing class, there are today over 15,000,000 persons who own securities. Industry throughout the country has adopted the policy of encouraging its employees, and in many cases its customers also, to become stockholders and thus participate in ownership of the industry. For example, of some 80,000 stockholders of Armour & Co., nearly one-half are the company's own employees. More than half of the 78,000 stockholders of the New York Central are employees. More than 62,500 employees of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. are stockholders and some 165,000 employees are now buying stock on the partial-payment plan. The Pennsylvania Railroad's stock is owned by 146,797 stockholders, and out of about 200,000 employees, some 40,000 have become part owners of the system. Such figures give a new significance to the term "big business." Industry nowadays is "big" in the sense that it is enlightened, and it is "big" also in that the number of its owners has grown from small groups to great armies.

The White Man's Burden

Condensed from *The North American Review* (March '26)

Charles H. Sherrill

ONCE upon a time, into a small back court of Venice, the stork brought a baby, destined one day to become even a greater traveler than that kindly bird. Marco Polo lived from about 1254 till 1324, and was the first white man to penetrate "Far Cathay." Not only did he survive his extensive travels throughout all that vast unknown territory, but also for many years served as Viceroy of one of China's provinces.

To Marco Polo's distinction as the white pioneer of the Yellow Man's empire, must be added another: He never talked any nonsense about undertaking the White Man's Burden! He quite frankly urged others of his race to go where he had gone because it was profitable. He said nothing about the duty of the White Race to uplift those of darker skins.

Of all his interesting tales brought home to Venice, none were more alluring to that race of enterprising merchants than his account of a certain island called Zipangu, of whose riches he could not say enough. Zipangu was and is Japan.

Nearly two centuries later, inspired by Marco Polo's and later tales of Zipangu, another Italian sailed westward with three Spanish ships, to find that fabled island. This later Italian, Christopher Columbus, by his epoch-making voyage toward Zipangu, transformed the earth from a flat map into a globe. Vastly more momentous still, his addition of two continents to the known world started the white man to overrun the earth.

From that day, the white man has never stopped his determined and relentless expansion. He has obtained undisputed possession of the whole new hemisphere of the Americas, as well as the continent and countless

isles of Australia. He has acquired all of Africa, of the Near East, of India, and occupied all of that modern half of Asia which we call Siberia. In southern Asia, the English have spread on from India down over the Malay Peninsula, and also over the lofty Himalayas into Thibet. The French took possession of that huge southern district of China called Tonkin, half again as large as France, with 40 million non-white inhabitants, while to the south the Dutch did likewise to Java and Sumatra with their 35 millions. And we Americans, although not with deliberate intent but by the chances of war, find ourselves overlords of eight million Filipinos.

Is it any wonder that the Far East finally awoke to this onward rush of the White Peril? Or that Japan drove back the Russians from the China Sea, so as not to have white warships dominating those nearby waters from that Gibraltar-like base, Port Arthur, or holding the Korean side of Tsushima Straits, just across from Shimonoseki?

Much has been said and written of the White Man's Burden—of our race's duty to extend our civilization over territory belonging to the yellow or red or black man so as to better the condition of these aborigines. But is that true? Who shall decide whether such a change really benefits those peoples—they or we? Has not the time come to make frank admission that the "White Man's Burden" is after all only a smug phrase coined to cover exploitation of weaker races for the benefit of the white one?

Nothing is further from the writer's mind than a desire to urge that it should not be the acclaimed privilege of the White Man to do all in his power to aid other races. He only desires to protest against the world's

opinion that this justifies the *occupation* of territory belonging to those other races. The port of Guayaquil was cleared of yellow fever by the brains and energy of a citizen of the United States, but that afforded no reason for the seizure by us of that port. The White Man's Privilege of Service is far removed from the White Man's Burden policy of territorial seizure.

All around the world we are beginning to hear the voice of the native raised against the long accepted doctrine of the White Man's Burden. After having traveled extensively around the Pacific Ocean I can testify that there is as much unrest among the natives across that water as there is among the tribes in North Africa and the Near East. What have we whites ever done in medical service to the islands of the Pacific to compensate for the hideous wrong done them when Captain Cook's sailors spread a dreadful venereal disease, until then unknown in those sunlit seas?

The cry of "Asia for the Asiatics" is seldom heard and but little understood on our side of the Pacific. In Asia, it represents a great and deep-seated movement, and some of their wise leaders express surprise that Americans cannot realize that their beloved Monroe Doctrine is the world's only exact prototype of "Asia for the Asiatics."

"Yes," says a European merchant, now forced upon the defensive, "but what about the American flag in the Philippines?" To that there is a complete answer. In the first place, our fleet did not go there to seize territory. Admiral Dewey's orders were to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet—nothing more and nothing less. That fleet happened to be found in Manila Bay, and was there destroyed. But that did not finish his task, for there was still a Spanish army on the shore to be defeated. When that was done and the war ended, there we were, with no local government of natives

capable of functioning alone and unaided. So much for our installation in these foreign and distant lands.

"But," continues the said European merchant, "why not now get out of the islands and leave them to the native?" It seems to me that the only way to answer this searching question is not smugly to plead the "White Man's Burden" doctrine, but frankly to point out that we cannot afford, for reasons of worthy national pride, to give complete freedom to those islands unless and until all the great colonizing Powers interested in the Pacific join us in guaranteeing the freedom of a Filipino Republic. It would never do for the United States to withdraw from the Philippines with any risk that, some years later, one of those colonizing Powers on the grounds of avenging its nationals or protecting its trade—the case of the English at Hongkong or the French at Tonkin; the Germans took all Shantung because two of their missionaries were murdered in Kiaochao—should move into some such vantage point as Manila, and stay there. Such a move would inevitably result in the disconsolate but defenceless Filipinos sending us such a heart-rending appeal to return to their assistance as would surely result in our people, always sensible to distress appeals, becoming embroiled with the colonizing Power aforesaid.

No, even though we repudiate the White Man's Burden whenever it means acquisition of lands belonging to other races, we cannot abandon the Philippines until their freedom is jointly guaranteed by all those colonizing Powers who still believe in the superior right of the White Man. We are not a colonizing Power.

Also, this seems a proper place to rejoice that the United States is not a partner to the policy of colonial mandates to which the League of Nations is committed. It may serve for a group of colonizing European nations, but it does not square with the Monroe Doctrine.

North Dakota's "New Day"

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (March '26)

William S. Neal

ONLY a few years ago, North Dakota was on the high road to Heaven. The "New Day" planned by the Nonpartisan League was to make the farmer prosperous. "Big Business," the foe of the people, was doomed. The state would itself become "Big Business."

The "New Day" program failed, and the story of its failure is one of government incapacity to direct business enterprises. A collateral story is that of the collapse of the ambition of socialists who sought to convert an entire state.

The state Home Building Association was seized upon as a quick means of proving to the people how beneficial was public ownership. The Association was started in 1919 when the war had left the country with a building shortage. Homes would be built by the state for working men, costing not more than \$5000 each, payment to be amortized over a 20-year period. The Association functioned actively about two years and built 50 homes.

These facts were brought out: Homes were not being built for working men but for state officials and others of means. The state did not save the homebuilder money—the homes cost 61 per cent more than the estimated cost. The Association's program called for an expenditure of \$275,000. Although not yet liquidated a loss exceeding \$300,000 has been charged to the state.

What happened to this program was what so often happens to public ownership projects. Being a public business, it was politically controlled. An insurance agent was named as manager and a farmer was made his assistant. The minor jobs went to "deserving" Nonpartisans, who could not descend to the careful scrutiny of a balance sheet. The employe knew that a dozen votes properly captured was

more potent in gaining promotion than a hundred figures entered on the ledger. Tenure of employment was dependent upon the vagaries of politics. The manager could not outline a five-year program and hope to withstand attacks of politicians if the surface showing was not at all times satisfactory.

The people of the state, too discovered that they were helpless as stockholders in a public business. They must elect the general board of directors of the enterprises (control being lodged in an Industrial Commission of three elective officials), but they could not judge this board on business ability alone. The people, as stockholders, must take into account their attitude on taxes, pardons, willingness to enforce the prohibition act and other governmental functions. The men conducting the enterprise, schooled in the ups and downs of politics, knew that their tenure was not for long; so their attitude was to get it "while the getting is good."

The inability of the people to control their business enterprises as do stockholders in a private business was strikingly illustrated again in the North Dakota mill and elevator experiment. An important issue of the political campaign of 1924 was the conduct of this enterprise. But it was not the only issue. Appointments of the Governor (also chairman of the board of directors of this enterprise), the pardons he voted for, and rates figured in the campaign. After the election there was a difference of opinion as to whether the people-stockholders had directed a complete change in policy in the mill.

The exponents of the "New Day" in North Dakota set out to prove the "outrageous" profits in the milling industry which had been so frequently discussed by political orators. The politicians may not have known that

the milling business is one of the most highly competitive business enterprises and that the grain trade has world-wide ramifications. They ignored the history of this business. They would build a great mill. But what private mill had been great when started? They, perhaps, did not realize that most great milling firms once were grist mills or little more; that they had become great institutions through the energy, foresight and sacrifice of one dynamic brain, devoting a life-time to one business.

After a brief experiment with a tiny mill, the state built a larger mill of 3000 barrels daily capacity, with elevators to store 2,000,000 bushels of grain. Built by politicians, it cost \$3,044,000. Governor Sorlie of North Dakota is authority for the statement that the mill should be listed at \$1,500,000, on the basis of private investment at mills of like capacity.

The manager chosen had been successful in private employment. Immediately he faced the practical problem which exponents of public ownership had ignored. He must have a market immediately, while his private competitors had a market won as their mills grew from small to large institutions. He believed he must start the mill at full capacity and reduce prices to establish his market. His alternative was to start one unit of the mill and pay an immense cost for keeping other units idle.

The management of the mill came before the people at an election in two years. The manager had outlined a program extending over a period of ten years, expecting his showing at the end of two years to be bad but believing it would be successful if carried to a full conclusion. He was condemned. He could not make a convincing explanation to a voter unfamiliar with business. The mill opened Oct. 23, 1921. Its losses approximate \$1,000,000. Moreover the mill has never been measured by the standards of private business. Never have taxes been figured in the audit reports of the mill; and the mill had a monopoly of state institutional business.

Declarations were made that if the Bank of North Dakota were a success there would be a state bank in every other state in five years. To date the Bank of North Dakota has conceived no offspring. The bank had \$2,000,000 capital and \$10,000,000 of deposits under a compulsory public deposit law, but like the other public enterprises, immediately passed into political control. Public money was "re-deposited" in private banks, the state bank being unable to use it. An investigation disclosed that banks established by members of the Nonpartisan League were favored in "re-deposits." Many of these banks, launched where there was no necessity for new banks, failed and the state sustained heavy losses. The Nonpartisan League management continued until after a recall election Nov. 23, 1921. Its paper deficit exceeded \$100,000 and the auditors estimated that if liquidation were immediately required the losses would be between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000.

A virtual single tax on farm lands was provided. Between 1917 and 1919 the tax burden on farm lands rose from 51 to 70 per cent. This was one of the partings of the ways between the pioneer farmers of North Dakota and the politicians with socialistic tendencies.

Government and business do not mix. The power of the Nonpartisan League was broken by a recall election late in 1921. A part of the program remains. The Bank of North Dakota is functioning, but in a limited capacity. It is little more than a rural credits bank. The state mill and elevator is no longer destined to destroy private flour mills but is, Governor Sorlie explains, an experimental laboratory to prove that North Dakota has an exclusive commodity in hard spring wheat.

The people of North Dakota have learned that "Big Business" did not seek the impoverishment of the state. Rather, they learned that the largest business interests want general prosperity, for they can prosper only in proportion to the prosperity of all.

The Social Upset in France

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (December '25)

Raymond Recouly

TO make clear to a foreign public the violent change that five years of war have brought about in French social affairs, a few examples, I believe, will be more enlightening than a long dissertation.

The smallest tradesman in Paris, a dairyman, grocer, butcher, makes on an average eight or ten times more than the rector of the Sorbonne, the general of an army or the president of the Court of Appeal. This is a fact of which the natural and moral consequences will certainly be very great. It is at present introducing a radical change in French society.

Paris, as a result of the wealth of strangers who flock to it, has become a colossal pleasure resort. Certain central districts of the city form a sort of international settlement where French has long since ceased to be the popular language. One never counts in francs but in dollars, pounds, and pesetas. This part of their capital is practically prohibited to the French—to the natives; that is, to all who do not ply a trade, who do not sell something. They have the right to walk the streets, but never to enter the stores or restaurants, which are much too expensive for them. It is a state of affairs they accept for the most part with good humor, telling themselves that, after all, the presence of all these strangers tends to bring in wealth to the country.

Toward the end of the war and directly after, there was much talk about what one called "less nouveaux riches." They were watched, studied, usually rather satirically, in the theaters, papers, and novels. They were not peculiar to France, but existed in England, Germany and all Central Europe.

In France it did not take long for a certain number of them to lose their fortune. Intoxicated by their too easy success, they threw themselves into all sorts of enterprises and speculation. Then came the depression of 1920 which wrecked many of them. What was called the "nouveau riche" is now in process of transformation. The "new rich" in France at present are principally tradesmen, above all in Paris. It is estimated that a butcher, after four or five years' business, makes a fortune sufficiently large for him to retire. Before the war the same butcher would have been obliged to work 30 or 40 years before retiring. And the fortune acquired would certainly have been less than what he makes now in so short a time. Tradespeople used to content themselves with fairly small profits. They now insist these profits shall be very large. Competition, contrary to the common theory, does not check this in the least. The tradesmen all sell at about the same price.

Thus we see on one side a category of people—tradesmen and farmers—growing rich rapidly. On the other side another category—the middle classes, small officials, professors, artists, journalists, etc.—getting poorer and poorer, losing each day a little more money, and with it the social prestige necessarily attached. Thus there is a double movement in contrary directions which is tending toward a complete social redistribution. One has to go back to the French Revolution for an analogy.

It has been asked why in the three or four years following the war, the Parisian theaters did not produce any new plays. They were satisfied to give their public revivals of old plays, former successes, which should there-

fore be well known and more or less old stories. Yet these pieces have had long runs. This apparently astonishing fact is really easily explained. It is simply that the theatergoers have entirely changed. For these newborn spectators these pieces have all the charm of novelty.

The greater number of the French middle classes were pretty badly paid before the war. They are much worse off now, their salary having been barely doubled, while the cost of living has at least quadrupled. But formerly their small fortunes enabled them to live. An officer, a magistrate, a diplomat, in adding what he possessed himself to what he received from the government, could, thanks to the cheapness of living in France, to the ingenuity of the French, especially the French women, in getting the most out of their money, lead a very decent existence.

But today what is the exact situation of this class of people, who form the armor, the framework, of the French bourgeoisie? The salary paid by the government has been actually cut in half owing to the depreciation of the franc. The personal fortune in most cases has diminished three-quarters. The same family who ten years ago lived in a very dignified way finds itself now in a situation no better than that of the greater part of the common workmen, sometimes worse. It suffers from the most painful of poverties, a poverty which must be hidden.

The other day, one of my friends, a lawyer was trying a case. It concerned a workman in a cheese factory. "What is your salary?" asked the president of the tribunal. "Twenty thousand francs a year," answered the workman, upon which the president fell back in his chair with a gasp. He, the president of the tribunal, a high magistrate and obliged to put up a certain show—was making barely 15,000 francs.

Contrasts of this nature, cases like this of real upset of social equilib-

rium, could be quoted by the hundreds of thousands. They are causing a complete transformation in the hierarchy of classes in France.

The minister of Justice, with whom I had occasion recently to talk, said to me: "You have no idea of the misery of the magistrates of Paris. They can no longer pay for a suitable apartment. They keep no servants. I know several who, to make a living, are obliged to take extra copy work in the evening, ordinary typist work."

"The consequence of all this," he continued, "is that none of the sons of magistrates wants to enter the magistracy. They are all attracted by trade or industry."

The same thing is true of professors. As a consequence, many positions in the schools and colleges are now occupied by men of inferior education. This lower standard of teaching threatens to be seriously felt. . . . The clergy, too, find recruiting more and more difficult.

When formerly one of us, one of those who have always lived in Paris, entered a restaurant or a theater he would always meet a number of acquaintances and exchange greetings to right and left. Now if I go into a theater or restaurant, nine times out of ten I know absolutely no one. It is the same with my friends. The places are filled either by foreigners or by French people among whom there are no familiar faces, belonging to a social class who before the war did not meet in theaters nor in the restaurants.

A too bloody and too prolonged war has shaken France, led to profound disturbances in her society. Little by little all that will arrange itself. But we shall never see, and no one will ever see, the France of before the war, with her organized life and society. It will be something quite different born of these new classes who are taking the place of the old. But a certain equilibrium, and order, is sure to be established in the end.

Law, Liberty, and Progress

Condensed from *The Yale Review* (April '26)

Henry W. Farnam

RAILING at law and law-makers has become of late one of our popular national sports. The attack is sometimes aimed at federal legislation which seems to invade the rights of the States; sometimes at all legislation, whether state or federal, which seems to restrict the personal liberty of the railer. Now anyone who advocates a law for social betterment does so at his peril.

The writer is not blind to the folly of trying to reform the world. He ranges himself at the outset with those who say that we have too many laws. He would like to see conduct regulated more by manners and custom and less by law. But to say that we have too many laws is a truism which gets us nowhere, unless we can agree upon some principle of elimination. To complain of too many laws is like complaining of too many automobiles on the roads. If one is asked which automobile he would eliminate, he will certainly not remove his own. Likewise, those who are most vigorous in denouncing the multiplicity of laws are the last ones to surrender the particular law in which they are interested.

First of all, why do we have any laws? The reason is that in the end man can get much more out of life by an orderly system of production and exchange and by observing certain standards of conduct. Thus property rights and family rights are recognized, and, if they are to be secured, those who violate them and prefer a more primitive type of existence must be restrained or invited to go elsewhere.

The great mass of our civil law and many of our criminal laws have to do with either the family or economic relations, and concern the production,

exchange, consumption, and distribution of wealth. All law must adapt itself to the economic conditions of time and place. A pastoral people requires one set of rules, an agricultural, another, an industrial, a third.

Now, the peculiarity of modern law is that it has had to adapt itself to changes in the technique of wealth production and distribution more revolutionary than in any similar period of world's history. Our economic life has changed more in 150 years than in the previous 1500 years, perhaps in the previous 5000 years. Within a very few years the factory system produced evils so flagrant that nothing but legislation could stop them. In the words of Gibbins, there was "a fearful spread through the factory districts of Manchester of epidemic disease owing to the over-work, scanty food, wretched clothing, long hours, bad ventilation, and overcrowding in unhealthy dwellings of the work people." Thus, the modern economic era was ushered in by a demand for new legislation.

Mechanical inventions—the gasoline engine, the airplane, the movie, the telephone, the radio—have caused a revolution not only in industry but in our daily life. Traffic on the highways has been revolutionized by the automobile as much as long distance travel was revolutionized by the railroad, and with it have come accidents necessitating the examination of drivers, the registration of cars, and innumerable traffic rules which, drastic as they seem, and violative of what seemed the fundamentals of personal rights in a horse-drawn age, still fall short of checking the evil.

Traffic regulations are commonly accepted as necessary. But the reasoning that applies to them applies to the

legion of laws that come under the head of factory and safety legislation. Each new law in this long series had to overcome stiff resistance when first introduced, but few laws providing for better sanitary conditions, or for shorter hours of labor, or for the general welfare of workers have been repealed. In other words, it is fair to say that the general experience of mankind has justified the enactment of laws regulating the conditions of labor. The reason for this is obvious. If several manufacturers are competing, and one can make money by employing labor under unsanitary conditions, his competitors are almost forced to descend to his level. Higher standards can be maintained only by a general rule of action binding on all and made either by governmental authority or by the cooperative effort of some strong association. Professional associations do establish standards. But it takes a long time to formulate them and much trouble to maintain them, and in most cases the only effective and practical measure is law.

Our age has witnessed marvelous progress in business organization. Abuses have grown up in connection with the enormous power wielded by large corporations, and no method of checking them has as yet been devised except legislation. Many of those who criticize the drastic and sometimes unwise provisions of such laws seem to have forgotten the abuses which led to them.

The progress of science is another stimulation to legislation. With a wider knowledge of disease, things once thought innocuous are now known to be harmful both to the individual and to society. Laws are made for lead factories as the result of what science has taught us regarding lead poisoning. Engineering works are put under supervision on account of what science has taught us regarding the caisson disease. Anti-spitting rules and compulsory vaccination are more familiar examples.

Science discovered that the terrible disease known as "phossy jaw" was

caused by the use of white or yellow phosphorous in the manufacture of matches. Science also discovered that by substituting sesqui-sulphide of phosphorous the process could be made innocuous to the workers, and that the lives of many children who were poisoned by putting matches in their mouths could be saved. But the sesqui-sulphide process cost a little more than the old process, and no single manufacturer could afford to use it unless his competitors used it. State law in such a situation would be of no avail, unless all of the States could be induced to pass an identical law on the subject, because it would be so easy for the industry to move from States having strict laws. Hence, a federal tax was ultimately imposed on the use of white phosphorous to prevent its use. We were told that it was a usurpation of federal power; that it was a violation of personal liberty. It did, undoubtedly, violate personal liberty. It violated the liberty of the manufacturer to use the cheapest process he could find, but it safeguarded the liberty of girls in the shop to work without being exposed to a cruel and often fatal disease. It violated the liberty of the father to let his children play with poisonous matches, but it saved the liberty of the child to live. It gave a new duty to the federal government, but there is not a citizen who is not benefited by the law. This example is cited to show how industrial hygiene and preventive medicine have proved the need of laws which would not have been understood, and which would have been generally resented half a century ago. They are still resented by people who have not learned the reason for passing them.

The prohibition law is another case in point, and I make no apology for referring to it. Drunkenness was recognized as an evil as far back as the days of Noah, but was considered a matter for family or neighborhood control. The principal intoxicating drinks in Europe for many centuries were wine, or beer, and wine was commonly diluted with water. But science

introduced the art of making distilled intoxicants of high power and low price. In the early part of the 18th century London gin shops advertised that people might get drunk for a penny, and that clean straw in comfortable cellars would be provided for customers. Even Merry England saw that this kind of debauchery was not very useful to the wife and children of the drunkard, and passed the gin act of 1736. This statute, like many another, gave rise to riots and illicit trade, and was repealed after seven years. But other restrictive acts were passed in England and generally throughout the civilized world. In the 19th century the improved methods of business organization, and the novel advertising technique gave a new power to the traffic in intoxicants. Science had progressed in the meantime and taught us that most of the popular beliefs regarding the benefits to health of alcohol rest on an illusion, while in the economic field it was recognized as a powerful cause of waste, pauperism, and crime, and a serious handicap to production. Long before National Prohibition, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers required total abstinence for its members in the public interest. Since that time, the speeding up of all traffic through the automobile, enhanced by the diffusion of wealth, which has brought the motor car within the reach of millions who never owned a horse, has increased the social menace, even of mild intoxication, a thousandfold. We cannot enjoy the automobile and have unrestricted drinking. Hence the United States is not the only country which has increased its restrictions. More severe laws have become almost universal.

With the progress of science, we are bound to have more and more invasions of the liberty of the individual in the interest of the common weal. Some of the proposals may be unwisely framed. The machinery for executing them may be, and often is, inadequate. But to ignore the reason for such laws merely reveals the ignorance of the objector.

Another cause of legislation lies in the increase of population. Congestion in our cities leads to laws specifying how tenement-houses shall be built, in order to provide for light, air, and safety against fires. It is the general growth in population which has threatened the exhaustion of our lumber supply, and necessitated laws providing for increased protection against forest fires, and for re-forestation. The whole conservation movement, with the legislation that accompanies it, is the result in the main of an increase in population.

The popular diffusion of wealth which has become so remarkable in our country also creates new problems. The automobile traffic has been mentioned. The surplus revenue enjoyed by man offers a new temptation to swindling schemes, and requires laws against fraudulent stock promotions. Legislation is the price we pay for our greater wealth.

This cursory review shows that the unprecedented innovations which constitute modern progress, such as technical improvements, business organization, scientific discovery, the increase in population, and the diffusion of wealth, to mention but a few examples, inevitably create new problems with which the old laws were unable to cope, and call for new regulations in order to secure their enjoyment by the people as a whole. Unless we recognize this basic fact, we cannot discuss legislation with intelligence. If mankind had the wisdom to develop and enforce social inhibitions to prevent these abuses, legislation would be unnecessary. But mankind has never had, and probably never will show, such foresight. In many cases, the mass of the people are not aware of the evils until instructed by others, and even if they know them, there is no time for new social habits to form. So rapidly do inventions and discoveries crowd upon us that "manners" cannot keep pace with them. Public opinion itself, as far as it is articulate, is strongly influenced by great commercial interests which can carry on an active propaganda either for or

against a certain measure through straight advertising, through the press, the movies, and even the radio. Constant reiteration plants a false idea in the minds of people who have no ability to look up the facts for themselves.

The most over-worked of all slogans at present is "liberty." Let us stop a moment to see what the word means. Obviously it means absence of restraint. It is, therefore, a negative, abstract term. It is so abstract that, unless qualified, it means nothing. At a given time and place such a qualification is often added by implication. To most of the early Puritans, liberty meant freedom to worship God according to their consciences. To some of their descendants it means freedom to buy a cocktail. In fact, there may be as many different kinds of liberty as there are possible restraints to be negated. There is physical liberty or freedom from the restraints of disease and physical weakness. A cripple or an invalid is not physically free. There is mental and moral liberty or freedom from the inhibitions of ignorance and habit. The illiterate man is not free in a reading and writing society. The slave to a drug is not really free, because his will power is fettered. In short, our liberties are legion, and legal liberty or freedom from the restraints of government is only one of them. Yet it is the one which is usually singled out for discussion, as if it were the only one.

Now, many of our legal restraints on liberty are imposed solely because they make other forms of liberty possible. Physical liberty has been promoted by compulsory vaccination laws which have nearly eliminated what was once a scourge of humanity, yet are still criticised by many. Mental liberty has been promoted by compul-

sory education laws which have forced parents to send their children to school. Economic liberty has been promoted by labor laws which make the wage-receiver more efficient and prevent the stunting of his growth and strength by over-work in childhood or in unsanitary conditions.

The test, then, of every law which restricts personal liberty is this: Does it make for liberty in the larger and real sense? This test can only be applied by a careful study of the facts. It is a mere platitude to condemn a law because it infringes personal liberty. There are few laws which do not. Yet many people repeat this objection to laws which they dislike with as much confidence as if they had uttered an idea, when they have only expressed an emotion.

We are supposed to live in an age of science, but those who apply the methods of science to public questions are a small minority. As William G. Sumner once said: "The people acquiesce in a doctrine and applaud it because they hear the politicians and editors repeat it, and the politicians and editors repeat it because they think it is popular. So it grows."

Liberty, especially personal liberty, makes a strong appeal to all of us, because we are all selfish, and the term personal liberty means to each of us the liberty to do what suits his personal tastes. But our Constitution was not adopted to secure absolute liberty. With the felicity of diction which marks this wonderful document it aims to secure "the blessings of liberty." If liberty is to be a blessing and not a curse, it must be a liberty which subserves, not the crude egotism of the individual, but the "general welfare." It must be a liberty promoting civilized progress under the restraints of law.

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Henry Ford on High Wages

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (February 13, '26)

Reported by Samuel Crowther

"THE way to hold what we have of prosperity," said Mr. Ford, "is to keep up the standard of wages, and the way to have more prosperity is to cut prices and increase wages. The way to check a threatened depression is to cut the price and increase the wages. High wages with high prices do not help anyone—it just means that everything has been marked up. But higher wages and lower prices mean greater buying power—more customers. That is prosperity."

I had asked Mr. Ford what he thought about our present prosperity—about the condition in which, though the country as a whole seemed to be very prosperous, there was the unusual feature of a decided trend here and there to lower wages on the ground that high prices were hindering consumption and that the high prices were due to high wages.

"Of course high prices cut down the number of customers," continued Mr. Ford. "Everyone knows that. But cutting wages is no cure for low consumption—it only makes the consumption still lower, by reducing the number of possible customers. One of the objects of industry is to create as well as to supply customers. And customers are created by paying high enough wages so that they can afford to buy."

"We have heard a great deal about the profit motive being wrong. We have heard nothing at all about what might be called the wage motive—the only motive of any importance, for it brings in the whole of service, and when we have real service the profits have a way of looking after themselves. It is the new modern motive that can control all industry for the public good."

"If we set ourselves to the payment of wages, then we can find methods

of manufacturing which will make high wages the cheapest of wages. And that keeps us always on the drawing board finding ways to improve methods—in buying, in making, in selling, in transportation—so that prices may be lowered and high wages paid.

"The right price is not what the traffic will bear. The right wage is not the lowest sum a man will work for. The right price is the lowest price an article can steadily be sold for. The right wage is the highest wage the employer can steadily pay. That is where his ingenuity comes in. He has to create customers, and if he is making a commodity, then his own workers are among his best customers. We have about 200,000 first-class customers in our own company. And we are creating more customers every day in the workmen of the people from whom we buy materials and parts."

"There can be no true prosperity until the worker upon an ordinary commodity can buy what he makes. Your own employees are part of your public. The same ought to be true everywhere, but one of the troubles in Europe is that the workman is not expected to buy what he makes. A part of England's trouble is that so much of her goods has gone abroad in the past that there is little idea of really having a home market."

"If you cut wages you just cut the number of your own customers. If an employer does not share prosperity with those who make him prosperous, then pretty soon there will be no prosperity to share. That is the reason we think it is good business always to raise wages and never to lower them."

"You have a minimum wage of \$6," I said, "and your average wage is somewhat over that. Now, I have talked this over with a great many manu-

facturers, and some of them say they cannot afford to pay such wages."

"No one knows what he can afford to pay," answered Mr. Ford, "until he tries. Back in 1916 we raised our wage, and it was on the day we made the raise that our business really started, because on that day we did two things: First, we created a lot of customers for our cars and, second, we began to find so many ways to save that soon we were able to start our program of price reduction. If you set yourself a task, it is remarkable how many other things grow out of doing that task.

"You simply cannot make a thing well with cheap men. You have to keep the cost of production down. For instance, some years ago a man was making automobile bodies for us at \$56 each. We told him that he would have to make these bodies for \$28 each. He said he could not do it, that he would go bankrupt, and so on. Nevertheless he agreed to try. At the high price he was making a bare living; at the low price he grew rich. And of course he had to raise wages. At the old price there was no pressure on him to find better ways of doing things; he just plodded along. At the new price he had to watch and drive every minute for new and better ways.

"That is what everything gets down to—management. A city could pay its garbage men \$6 a day and make money on them, if only some manager were told he had to make money on them. Buying labor is just like buying anything else—you have to make sure that you get your money's worth.

"But there is more to it than that. Every time you let a man give you less than full value for the wage you pay him, you help to lower his wage and to make it harder for him to earn a living. You can do a man no greater injury than to allow him to 'soldier' on his job.

"Thus," argues Mr. Ford, "there can be no 'standard wage.' A wage based on the standard of living is destructive, for it implies that all men are alike and can agree how they want to live. Fortunately all men are not

alike, and fortunately only a few care to live this year the way they did last year. Any attempt to fix a 'living wage' is an insult to the intelligence of both managers and workers.

"And equally wrong is the old theory that the rate of wage depends on the bargaining power of the worker as against the monopoly power of the employer. Under that theory both sides lost. Under that theory labor unions rose and organized war began, with boycott and lockout as the weapons. The world has never approached industry with the wage motive—from the angle of seeing how high wages may be.

"We have been steadily cutting down the number of men employed per unit of output. If we can arrange the work or the machinery so that one man can do the work formerly done by three, then of course we put the change into effect and find new places for the men whose jobs have disappeared in the process. We really do not have to find new places for these men. The places open themselves, for the making of new and better machinery is getting with us to be a big industry of itself. The machine which actually produces goods is each day more nearly approaching the automatic and the emphasis is shifting to the tool-maker.

"Nobody with us ever thinks about improvements lessening the number of jobs, for we all know that exactly the contrary happens. We know that these improvements will lessen costs and therefore widen markets and make more jobs at higher wages.

"But you must remember that there is more to management than merely the handling of men. I define service as the low-cost production of high-grade goods, made by well-paid labor and manufactured and distributed at a profit. No man can really claim to be in business until he has equipped himself to attain these objectives.

"Prosperity is a condition in which everyone can buy what he needs and in addition nearly everyone can buy to some extent what he wants. That condition we now have."

Beating the Bandits

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (February 20, '26)

Forrest Crissey

MOST metropolitan cities have several companies specializing in the armed transportation of cash and all of them find their services in increased demand. One armored-car company carries about \$40,000,000 a day in money and easily negotiable securities. It has 7,000 customers and operates more than 160 cars. Under insurance stipulations, a full crew of six men is permitted to carry \$1,000,000 at a time. The minimum crew is three men. All its obligations of safe delivery are assumed by a large surety company.

Each company has its own style of armored car of bulletproof steel construction. The bulletproof glass in an ordinary armored car costs \$300. Some of these money tanks cost \$10,000. Each car of the largest armored-car company in New York City carries a crew of at least four men and has 23 gunholes providing for firing in every direction. At the chauffeur's right hand is a loaded pump shotgun. Each car has two separate compartments—the driver's cab and the treasure compartment. The chauffeur has no key to the door of this compartment and cannot enter it. When the load is unusually valuable, a sub-machine gun is carried. Each of the crew carries an automatic pistol in an open holster, with an extra clip of 14 cartridges in his belt. The ammunition chest in the car is always well stocked. Every member of the crew must be a crack shot with an automatic. This means continual target practice.

Armored cars everywhere are operated upon a dispatching system almost as close as that of railroads. The dispatcher who controls the movements of the 51 armored cars in New York sits at a table with a dispatching sheet and a battery of telephones be-

fore him, and knows every moment of the day where every car is. Not a single attack has thus far been made on any car or crew of this company.

All armored cars of the modern type are capable of showing good speed, and they seldom fail to show it in any emergency. Traffic cops respect armored cars in a hurry. As one officer puts it: "If those boys speed it's because something's wrong and they have to—a bandit attack, a run on a bank or something that justifies running against a signal."

Each conductor keeps a log book, recording to the minute every stop and start, and his mileage, together with comments explaining delays. Each log must be verified by every member of the crew. . . . Each crew is unscrambled at night and a new combination formed for the next day, in order to remove from the men all temptation to collusion and to keep them from talking together about the details of their work.

"We operate on the theory that every trip is going to call out an attack," I was told. "Each chauffeur is instructed that his car is his best weapon if the favorite bandit trick of crowding to the curb is attempted. An armored car is heavy and powerful, and any of our cars will unhesitatingly be used as a ram if this trick is attempted. All drivers should remember that cutting in on an armored car and giving even the appearance of an attempt to crowd it onto the curb is about the most dangerous driving stunt possible.

"Chauffeurs and crews of our armored cars are instructed to suspect and guard against any kind of distraction. Why? Not long since a clever pay-roll robbery was pulled in Newark by a bandit disguised as a photographer taking street scenes.

His camera contained a gun. . . . In the yards of a certain manufacturing company the pay-roll car encountered men carrying a long heavy plank. Of course the car slowed down. The plank was suddenly dropped and the men opened fire, killed a guard and made a successful holdup. . . . On a viaduct a guarded pay-roll car was blocked by a halted automobile and a pedestrian who was cussing out its driver. As the pay-roll car came into slow speed the bandits' guns began to bark. They got away with \$18,000, leaving one man dead. These guarded cars were not armored. . . . We train our crews to suspect everything which interferes with their normal progress and to be ready for the worst." . . .

Any man who secures a position on an armored-car crew with either of the two largest companies operating in this field is entitled to feel that he has taken the 33rd degree in character test. One executive tells me: "No man who cannot account for every week of his life from his school days on is accepted by us. These histories are checked to the smallest detail, and represent a heavy research cost."

A recent pay-roll robbery in Chicago illustrates the latest addition to the bandit's book of tactics. The instant the armored car was seen to approach a certain plant, two men in overalls, carrying a coil of wire and electricians' tools, entered the office and reported that they were trouble men from the electric company. With the plant engineer they went immediately to the room where the pay roll was being delivered. When the armored car left, the "electricians" pulled their revolvers, held up all the employees and disappeared with the pay roll in a car which had driven up to receive them. Every detail carefully worked out in advance upon specific information furnished by a confederate planted for that purpose!

At least one big armored-car company has met the general shifting of bandit attack upon the pay roll after delivery by furnishing a service which includes putting the pay envelopes

into the hands of the individual employees.

The head of the largest organization in America devoted to the delivery of payrolls remarked to me: "All important holdups today are pulled by organized gangs. One experience will show how complete these gang organizations are: A captured bandit was rushed to the nearest police station. Before he arrived the gang's lawyer was there waiting for him.

"There are few shrewder minds in the country than those doing the planning and general direction for the holdup gangs. Their research departments are up to the minute and their plans and attacks are based upon definite and complete information. The gang master keeps himself very much aloof from his research men and gunmen, transmitting his orders to them through lieutenants."

A keen criminologist comments: "The typical bandit of today is the dope-shaken youth of 17 to 26 years. His mental atmosphere is unspeakable and he would be an object of contempt to Black Bart or Jesse James if those old-timers were living today. The idea of giving a victim a chance to hold up his hands is not in their code. Persons who carry pay rolls because they are afraid they will lose their jobs if they don't are taking greater chances with their lives than any prospector ever took in the Wild West mining camps. As for employers who deliberately expose them to these dangers for reasons of economy, I can't trust myself to speak of them.

"Any business man who today is sending his own messenger to the bank for his pay-roll funds in the belief that he is fooling the bandits is a babe in the woods who hasn't the slightest conception of organized banditry as it exists today. If his pay roll amounts to anything the bandits know all about it. Any immunity his messenger has enjoyed is due to the fact that the gangs or organized bandits have been too busy with bigger game to give him attention."

Seeing Around the World by Radio

Condensed from the Scientific American (February '26)

Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr.

RESearch engineers are making rapid progress in developing an "eye" for broadcasting, so that television, or seeing distant scenes by radio will be as common as tuning in music. It has been learned upon good authority that television apparatus in simple form will be on the public market just as soon as all phases of the system are protected by patents.

When the radio optic, and its associated instruments, is released to supplement broadcast service, it will work in conjunction with the microphone, the former picking up light rays, so that they can be transformed into electricity and radio waves, and the latter doing likewise with sound. Then the radio announcer will snap a switch connecting the mechanical eye and ear with the transmitter and all scenes and sounds within range will be sent through space to millions of homes. For example, the eye-ear device might be placed in front of Niagara to record the thunder of water, camera the spray cloud and forward the picture along with the roar to firesides and schools throughout the nation, and some day to a world-wide audience.

It will be true to life and nature, is the prediction of radio men. Today it may seem far-fetched; but so did broadcasting six years ago. Those in touch with the research laboratories know that television will be a reality. Today there are approximately 1,000 broadcasters in the world; and when they are equipped with "eyes," the scenes of the earth, now thousands of miles apart—from the Orient to America, from New York to Moscow and from the North to the South Pole—will be separated by just a few marks on the scale of a simple tuning device.

Telephoning Beneath the Sea

For the first time in history a submarine telephone has been perfected which gives real promise of direct uninterrupted communication between submerged submarines, between a submerged vessel and a ship on the surface, or between a submarine and a shore station.

Submarines cannot be very effective until they are able to talk to each other and thereby coordinate their battle maneuvers. They have been hampered always by having to work singly or out from a shore base or from a mother ship.

If the new apparatus perfected at the Naval Research Station, Belleview, D. C., proves as effective for long distances under the ocean as it has already proved for two-mile distances beneath the Potomac River, the officer in his cabin can simply pick up a telephone exactly like the one on your desk and talk to the commanding officer of another submarine with as much ease as you talk to a friend a few city blocks away.

The instruments have been perfected to a point where it is possible to direct the sound waves in a beam which can be turned in any direction, as we do the beam of a searchlight, and therefore, in the particular direction of the vessel with which one wishes to communicate. The chief advantages of this are: 1. Nobody or no ship can hear the message except the one toward which it is directed. The element of secrecy thereby provided is immediately evident. 2. By putting on several transmitters, a submarine can talk to a fleet of submarines at one time and serve as headquarters from which operations can be directed.

Our Alaska Railroad

The object for which the great task of building the Alaskan Railroad was undertaken and carried to completion

in the face of colossal obstacles in an almost uninhabited country was not for the development of the country that can be seen from the car window, but for the development of a vast area hundreds of miles from the rails.

Viewing the broad field for development, the cost to the Government, after two years of actual placing in operation of a standard-gage line, above the earnings received, is of little importance. This deficiency, however, looms large in the minds of some people who have not traveled far beyond the line of the road and who appear to have overlooked the fact that our Government, by land grants, made possible the construction of our transcontinental railroads.

The railroad is operated continuously every month in the year. Though the amount of freight and number of passengers handled during the winter are small, it is important for the proper development of the service that such service should be performed. The roads so far constructed in Alaska are not hard surface roads. Only when the grades of these roads are frozen, can very heavy loads be hauled over them. Certain lumber operations can be conducted in the winter better than in the summer. In fact, all winter activities can be more economically performed and, therefore, the development of the country advanced, if the railroad is in operation.

The morale of the railroad employees, as well as that of all other winter residents, is improved by reason of being in constant touch with the outside world, being able to get their mail and to travel back and forth.

The Alaska Railroad extends from Seward, an open port on the Gulf of Alaska, to Fairbanks, 470 miles northward, connecting at Nenana with the interior river system. The main line of the railroad is approximately the same length as the Pennsylvania Railroad between Chicago and Pittsburgh.

Contrary to the usual impression, Seward and other ports on the Gulf of Alaska are open to vessels every month in the year and the difficulties

in docking vessels because of ice are practically negligible, less than those experienced at Baltimore.

Only on two sections of the railroad, namely, where the line crosses the Chugach Mountains, and the Alaska Range, are rotary snow plows necessary to keep the road open.

Fairbanks, from a traffic standpoint, is not a small city but a large mining district, served by a narrow-gage railroad, by roads and trails. Supplies for this district, while they are shipped directly from Seattle and Pacific Coast points, come from all parts of the United States; and the gold produced adds to the wealth of the nation. Without the railroad, few, if any, of the activities of the district could be carried on.

Nenana is the junction of the railroad and the interior rivers. The Alaska Railroad operates steamboats between Nenana and Holy Cross on the Yukon River for a distance of 720 miles, taking in supplies, bringing out products and carrying passengers, not only for the country along the river but for points on down the river. These products and passengers are subsequently transported by small boats and the vessels of the Northern Commercial Company to St. Michael, Nome, the Iditarod country, points on the Koyukuk River, and to other tributary country by the use of roads and trails.

From various points along the railroad, roads and trails connect vast areas, some of them producing, others, in the process of development or exploration, giving promise of becoming important producing fields in the future. Lumber operations, coal and gold mining, and fur farming show gratifying increases over last season, and agriculture and other activities, a slight increase. Tourists are coming to Alaska in increasing numbers, as well as large game hunters. The prospects are favorable for a steady growth in traffic on the Alaska Railroad which, coupled with decreased maintenance and other costs resulting from improvements, should eventually make it self-supporting.

The Curse of Independence

Condensed from Pictorial Review (March '26)

Marian Spitzer

IF I ever have a daughter I positively will not bring her up to be an independent woman. After more than 25 years of working at it, I have reached the conclusion that being an independent woman is, by and large, all wrong. Nearly all wrong, anyway.

This is not going to be a discussion of marriage versus a career, nor a plea for more and better home life. It is going to be the wail of a woman who has been trapped into an attitude and position of independence so unassailable that it virtually amounts to imprisonment. I am in bondage to the idea of independence. And I know there are a sufficient number of women similarly situated to give the plaint a general application. The condition is no doubt one of the symptoms of our civilization.

For ten years I have stood entirely on my own feet, fought my own battles, accepted no help from anybody. It has always been a point of intense pride with me that I never leaned on anybody. And now I am tired. I want some one to fight my battles for me. I want to lean on somebody. I even have somebody I could lean on. But I can't do it. I don't know how. My leaning-muscles have atrophied from lack of use.

It isn't, understand, that I want suddenly to stop all useful activity and become a clinging vine. But I would like to relax once in a while, to set down the burden for a little while. But that is the curse of independence. You can't set down the burden. The habit has you in its grip.

It was in my freshman year in college that I dedicated my life to a fight for the freedom of my immortal soul. I had already perceived that one way to spiritual independence was financial independence, so I found some part-time work to do, and came loftily home with \$15 a week. By the time I was a junior I had managed to get

on as a cub reporter on a Brooklyn paper, where I remained until after graduation. All this helped me tremendously to establish myself as an independent entity. Wasn't I proving that I could look out for myself? As time went on my jobs got better until one fine day I was able to assert my independence to the extent of taking a room in the traditional attic of a down-town rooming house. Independence, really, at last.

This passion I carried into my work. I tried to get the toughest reporting assignments. I took unnecessary risks, asking no favors from the men, expecting no quarter and getting none. The same attitude characterized my social activities. When I went to dinner with friends I always paid my share of the check. I was awfully proud of myself. How scathingly I talked of girls who used men! I had a friend who boasted of her little presents from men. I was horrified. True, I did like the pretty things she got that way, but I solaced myself with an age-old sop—men respected me, admired me for my stand. But did they? By now I'm pretty well convinced that men don't especially admire independence in women; they merely take advantage of it.

I lived in a selfish little vacuum, all alone. I was making sufficient progress in my work to keep my vanity nursed. I was responsible to nobody for anything. I was accepting nothing from any one. I was, in short, a self-made woman. The thing became a fetish with me.

Then—I met a man, a young man who shared all my views about independent women. That, in fact, was what first drew us together. I declared my principles: A woman should do her share, and not hang like a millstone around a man's neck; and so on, and so on. Quite right, he said. He couldn't bear the clinging vine type.

That, of course, was my cue to become even more virulently independent than ever. I carried the thing to extremes. If we went to the theater together at night I wouldn't let him take me home. If we were dining at some Italian place and he made a pass at buying me a few roses from the flower-vender I'd brusquely say I didn't want them. (That was a lie. It will always be a lie. The woman who doesn't want flowers doesn't live.) If we were going some place and he asked me whether I'd like to go in a taxi, I always said no; I'd just as soon ride in the subway. (Another lie.) The gesture of independence had become such a fixed habit by this time that I did it all quite involuntarily.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, I became aware of a sense of strain. I wasn't quite so happy as I had been. From somewhere deep down inside me came a little cry, faint but insistent, telling me that in some way I was maladjusted to life. But it wasn't until we were married that I began to realize what a trap I had set for myself. I, having created a character for myself, feel I mustn't step out of that character. It was as an independent woman that my husband first came to care for me, and I can't help feeling that it would be a dirty trick, now that I've got him, to turn around and collapse. So I keep on asserting my independence about a great many things I'd just love not being independent about.

He, on the other hand, having cast in his lot with mine on the premise of my independence, feels he must adhere strictly to the idea. Little things. Why, every time he brings home some trifling gift he apologizes for it. (And I, delighted at the attention, am so embarrassed that I invariably act as though I am doing him a favor to take it.)

There are lots of times when he wants to help me over some situation I am struggling through alone, but refrains because he is afraid I'll be insulted. And all the time I'm longing for a helping hand, but can

not ask for it, partly because I don't know how, but more because I'm afraid of sacrificing his respect.

And he gets just a bit hurt at me for not giving him my confidence, and I get just a little bit hurt at him for not sensing my need, and all the time we've both been groping toward the same thing. For example, I'd like to have my stories read while I'm in the process of writing them. It helps me. But I can't ask him to read them. That would be a sign of weakness. So I just leave them around where he can't help seeing them, but he scrupulously avoids reading them because that would be encroaching upon my independence.

Sometime I would like to stop working for about six months and write a novel—not one written hurriedly, like my first, banged out on Sunday afternoons. My husband, who makes about as much in a month as I do in a year, asks me why I don't quit work until I feel like going back on the job again. I think about it, and then decide not to. I wouldn't feel comfortable.

I've been taking care of myself so long that the thought of being taken care of by some one else frightens me, even though I want to be taken care of by some one else. I can see perfectly well how silly it is. And it's dangerous, too. I've seen more than one otherwise satisfactory marriage wrecked because the husband needed a wife he could help, and the wife had tricked herself into a position where she couldn't accept help.

At any rate I am going to devote the next few years of my life to learning how not to be an independent woman. I want to learn to be unreasonable, to make demands, to get things I haven't earned.

Oh, these women who talk yearningly about how thrilling it must be to know that your own hard-earned money has paid for everything you possess! There is just one comment I can make, and I think I can hear the whole sisterhood of independent women taking up the chorus as I give vent to one brief, bitter "Ha!"

How Test Tubes Solve Crimes

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (March '26)

G. B. Seybold

TWO men, good friends for years, had quarreled. One night one of them, stepping out of his home, saw a man rise from a stooping position near the front porch and disappear. Under the porch he found a bundle of oil-soaked rags, with a lighted piece of oil-soaked string, to act as a fuse. The former friend was suspected, but he offered a good alibi, and the case seemed balked. Twenty years ago it might have been.

The oil-soaked string was taken to a chemist at Police Headquarters in New York City, where recently has been installed one of the strangest laboratories in the world, a bureau of criminal science. High-powered microscopes, X-ray apparatus, ultraviolet light machines, remarkable photographic equipment and delicate instruments to identify mere specks, are the most dangerous foes a criminal ever met. Their evidence cannot be disputed.

Now, two bits of string that may appear alike to the human eye, are as different, under a powerful microscope, as black is from white. The police experts showed conclusively that the fiber in the oil-soaked string was identical with that in string used in the factory where the former friend was employed. Confronted with this amazing evidence, the man confessed.

About three years ago, a robbery took place in New York City that startled the whole country on account of the daring and cruelty of the thieves. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Shattuck were locked in a wine closet in the cellar and left to suffocate, while the robbers escaped with jewels. With the aid of the police, the Shattucks hunted down the ring of criminals, tracking them to Europe, and eventually the entire gang was sent to prison. In one of the European

crime laboratories, Mr. Shattuck discovered an instrument called a dactyloscope, a microscope of tremendous power, that magnifies finger prints so powerfully that even the shape of the sweat pores can be examined. The Shattucks presented a dactyloscope to the crime laboratory in New York.

Late one night last spring a speeding automobile in an outlying district of New York City ran into a police sergeant and killed him. His body was carried over two blocks on the front fender. The car was found abandoned a few blocks from the crime. The owner admitted that it belonged to him, but declared that it had been stolen from in front of his home. Apparently there was nothing to connect him with the dastardly deed.

In the impact with the policeman, however, the windshield had been smashed, and on one bit of glass a single finger print was found. Under the dactyloscope, this finger print was found to be that of the owner of the car. Undaunted, the owner exclaimed: "What's that? A man gets his finger print on the windshield of his own automobile, doesn't he?"

Unconvinced by the man's poise, a detective fitted the broken glass into the frame of the windshield. The finger print was seen to extend *beyond* the bevel of the glass, to the edge covered by the frame. The print could only have been left there *after* the broken glass had been pulled out of the frame. This was such conclusive evidence that the owner had been with the car after the accident, that the man dropped his bluff and pleaded guilty.

Some time ago a strike was in progress at a garment factory. On several successive nights some one suc-

ceeded in getting into the building and caused great damage by throwing acid on bolts of silk. Eventually the police caught a former workman in the factory, but he gave a satisfactory reason for his presence. An officer, however, noticed a small hole in one of the workman's trouser legs. On a nail near where the destroyed silk had been piled he found three tiny wool fibers. A laboratory examination showed they were identical with the material in the workman's trousers. Thus three threads helped send that workman to the penitentiary.

In one instance the coat of a murder suspect was beaten in a dustproof bag, and examination of the dust showed that it had come from the floor of the factory where the victim was killed.

Today, detectives with special cameras, and before anything is disturbed, photograph the scene of a crime. Plaster casts and wax impressions are taken of foot prints and automobile tracks, so that these may be kept for record. By means of the Duboscq colorimeter, even minute specks of blood hardened under a fingernail have been enough to accuse a man of murder.

Hundreds of suspected poisons are examined in the laboratory. Some years ago a Brooklyn fruit dealer found that one after another of his horses died for no apparent reason. The dealer suspected two of his competitors, but they never came near his place. One day a detective noticed a young boy hanging around the stable. He answered questions satisfactorily, and nothing unusual was found in his pockets except an apple cut in two. It was queer to find it cut; and chemical analysis showed that it contained yellow phosphorus, a deadly poison. Examination showed the same poison in the stomachs of the dead horses. Confronted with this evidence, the boy confessed that one of the fruit dealer's competitors had hired him to feed the horses poisoned apples. The man was convicted.

Analysis of all drugs and narcotics seized by the New York police is another of the big jobs of the crime

laboratory. Last year alone more than a half-million dollars' worth of drugs was seized in the New York district. These are found in most surprising forms. On Welfare Island, where drug addicts are sent when sentenced, for some time it was suspected that they were getting hold of narcotics. No one could figure out how. One day, soon after the mail had been given out, an officer noticed one inmate chewing a piece of paper. He watched for the next letter addressed to that prisoner. With the letter was a piece of plain white blotting paper. A chemist found that the paper had been saturated with heroin. By chewing this, the addict could obtain the drug as readily as if it were powder.

A system of cooperation with business and professional men aids the bureau in tracing clues. Unknown dead, for example, are often identified by sending a chart of their teeth to dentists. The dentists check these with charts of plates they have made and send in the name of any patient who has a plate similar to that of the dead person.

Laundrymen help by giving their private marks used on linen. These have been the doom of many a criminal. An accomplice divulged the name of a notorious safeblower. He had skipped town. But in his room he had left an old shirt. On the neckband was a Chinese laundry mark. Checking this on a list, the laundry was located. The detectives figured there was a possible chance that the man might have some linen in the laundry and would return for it. A close watch was set up at the laundry, and several weeks later, the safeblower came in for his laundry, and was captured.

For the moment the bureau is endeavoring to make the police realize the importance of sending in trivial objects found on the scene of the crime. It is hard for the average policeman to realize that a hairpin or broken comb or grease spot, may now become powerful instruments to convict. The criminal of the future will have no easy task to plan his perfect crime.

The World's Greatest Treasure

Condensed from *Liberty* (February '26)

Hugh Fullerton

THE world's greatest treasure is hoarded in one building in New York City. Its worth is estimated at between four and five billion dollars and includes 200,000 works of art from all parts of the world and from all periods of the world's civilization.

In this magnificent storehouse more than 200 masterpieces are adjudged priceless. To appraise them adequately seems impossible; they are valued beyond terms of money. And surrounding them are thousands of other objects, scarcely less eminent.

More than a billion and a half of dollars was expended in gathering this assemblage of rarities and placing it on exhibition where it is accessible to everyone, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The value of practically each object has increased many fold since it was purchased; and, critics assert, the worth of the grouped collections is double that of the pieces considered individually.

That the Metropolitan Museum ranks first among the museums of the world in value, scope, diversity, and arrangement is conceded generally by authorities, including Jean Capart, Director of the Brussels Museum, a recognized connoisseur of old masters in every field.

Art lovers the world over have come to realize that here on the border of Central Park, easily accessible and without admission charge except on stated days, there lies open to them an assemblage of beauty greater in scope than that of the Louvre, the British Museum, the Vatican, or any other historic Old World collection.

Here may be found:

An Egyptian museum second only to that at Cairo.

The Morgan collection, which contains the world's finest examples of medieval enamels and ivories.

The most notable group of Rembrandt's masterpieces.

An unequalled collection of tapestries.

The Hekanakht letters—the oldest private letters in existence.

The world's great exhibit of musical instruments.

The Altman collection, which includes the greatest paintings by Dutch masters.

A group of Rodin's works second only to those found in the late sculptor's own museum.

As one ascends the main staircase, there stands the little figure of a horse. It is in a glass cage and is about one foot high. The uninitiated visitor would probably pass it by. Yet if the director of the museum were offered a million dollars for it, two million, he would smile and say it is beyond price. For it is the world's only perfect example of Greek equine sculpture and dates back from 470 B. C. This horse gives but a faint premonition of the vast galaxy of masterpieces that fill almost every niche in the great storehouse.

No insurance is carried on the Metropolitan—against either theft or fire. If policies could be written at even an approximate valuation the premiums would be prohibitive. There is probably no building in the world that is, however, so profusely and carefully guarded. Two hundred watchmen patrol the edifice during the day, and every visitor is covertly but minutely scrutinized. An intricate burglar-alarm system with a hundred alarm boxes and an alert central office adds further protection, which functions so efficiently that no article has ever been stolen.

The repositories for the exhibits and the picture frames are so wired that an alarm is set off the moment they are touched.

At night iron doors are swung on the room that contains the smaller golden objects. Three valuable pieces are religiously removed to a safe. They are the Cellini cup, a gem of gold and precious jewels called the Rospigliosi Coupe; a jeweled Florentine pendant of the 16th century; and a small triptych (or triple picture, which folds together something like a book) from the Baron Selys-Longchamps collection. These three are considered the most valuable of the smaller things in the museum.

More than 22,000 art objects are added each year to the collection and there is space for thousands more. To these new purchases there are constantly being added loans and private exhibits from noted collectors, which give fresh interest in the museum even among those who know it best.

To add to its collection the museum spends about four million dollars a year. Many of its endowments are for defined purposes or to buy special objects. Many opportunities to secure rich examples of art are lost through lack of funds. This condition will be corrected when the will of the late Frank A. Munsey becomes effective, a gift estimated at between twenty and twenty-five millions.

Many private collectors purchase art treasures with the idea that ultimately their collections will go to the Metropolitan, and it is this generosity that has made the Metropolitan unique. It possesses at least five of the most valuable private collections extant.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the J. Pierpont Morgan collection, previously referred to, which is housed in the Morgan wing. It is estimated that the Morgans, father and son, spent close to \$250,000,000 gathering these treasures.

The Altman collection, chiefly of Dutch paintings, places the museum first in Dutch art and gives it the greatest collection of Rembrandts in the world. The museum now holds 18 of these works—and an offer of a million dollars each would not be considered for them.

The Marquand gallery, the Dreicer collection, the Cesnola collection, the Riggs gift of arms and armor, the Rodin collection of statuary, the Johnston collection of Renaissance works, the Willard collection of architectural casts, the Crosby Brown collection of musical instruments all combine to make the Metropolitan unsurpassed.

The new American wing preserves for Americans the customs and life of every stage of the New World. It is a new departure in art and still further broadens the museum's range.

The growing interest in the Metropolitan amazes the 20 curators, many of whom remember days when they had the vast structure almost to themselves. They do not quite understand what has brought about the change, but attribute it either to a cultural development among Americans or to natural love of art which has been fermenting for years and is just coming to the surface. Colleges and schools are gratefully cited as fostering the development of artistic impulses by their expanding courses in art and archeology even among children.

Yet the readiest answer to the question seems to be a change in the policy of the Metropolitan. Once the museum had all the aspects of a cloister. Photographing of pictures was not permitted and promiscuous copying was not encouraged. All that is changed now. Everything possible is done by the museum to make its treasures accessible. Reproductions are available, photographs are permitted, and copyists are welcomed.

The most vivid illustration of this change is seen in the Manufacturers and Designers Exhibit which is held annually. Last year 100,000 persons viewed this link between the museum and the commercial forces of the country. First is shown the object from which the designer or manufacturer got his idea, and beside it is a finished product. This utilitarian feature of the Metropolitan has won it high acclaim.

Thrills on a Submarine

Condensed from Success Magazine (March '26)

Capt. Samuel Taylor Moore

ALTHOUGH I was well accredited, it required several days in Washington before Admiral Shoemaker exempted me for the purposes of this article from the Navy regulation forbidding civilian passengers on its submersible boats. Utmost secrecy shrouds the mechanical workings of all submarines.

I had been promised the thrill of a crash dive. This tactic is devised for war emergencies. Even the speediest submarines are laggards compared to a destroyer or light cruiser. When one of those lean naval greyhounds is sighted it behooves all submersible craft to lose themselves with dispatch.

The roar of the Diesel engines on the N-2 reverberated deafeningly through the hull. Pungent smoke of burning oil choked my lungs and irritated my eyes. Dirt and smoke penetrate through clothing into the pores of the skin. At the end of long cruises the crews look like Negroes.

Within the cramped hull are crowded engines, fuel, torpedoes, dynamos, storage batteries, signaling equipment and living accommodations. In the control room is a confusing array of dials, switches, valves and cranks, mechanisms as delicate as a Swiss movement timepiece.

I was startled by a sudden ear-splitting scream as a signal siren wailed behind me, its natural shrillness accentuated by the acoustics of the steel shell. The crew leaped to posts. Lt. N. S. Ives, the skipper, dropped down through the hatch. The rattle and roar of the engines changed on the instant to a rhythmic soothing hum as our motive power was switched from oil to electricity. *Under-water propulsion can only be by electric power.* Internal combustion engines devour too greedily the precious store of oxygen. Heat and smoke would make the shell untenable. Then, too,

is the dread danger of carbon monoxide. Batteries are dangerous enough. Salt water generates deadly chlorine gas and through electrolysis, hydrogen may combine with oxygen to create a ruthless explosive force, needing but a spark to ignite it.

The deck beneath our feet tilted sharply at what seemed to me to be an angle of 40 degrees. Actually it was not more than 12 degrees, I learned afterward. A green film blinded our periscope. We had become a sightless leviathan with 60 feet of water between us and the surface. With a casualness not genuine I asked how one could escape should our boat become disabled at the bottom. "Crawl up in the conning tower," I was told. "That's the escape hatch. Fasten the lower hatch and you are in a separate steel cylinder. Then you flood the place with water up to your shoulders by means of a hand valve. The water compresses the air at the top. Spring the top hatch and you will travel up to the surface in the detached cylinder with your head inside the bubble." A bubble of compressed air is the underwater equivalent of a parachute.

I recalled that within a few miles of our position a seaman had escaped death by that very means when a G-boat sank. The fortunate man was but one of a skeleton crew of four. The others drowned.

Two other submarines had trailed us for diving maneuvers. I wondered whether there was any chance of an under-sea collision; but it was explained to me that an intermittent buzz echoing through the hull was an oscillating signal to the other craft. I became conscious of a raw, damp, bone-piercing chill permeating the structure. Yet above us an April sun was shining brightly. "This isn't cold," a seaman observed. "Some

days last winter we couldn't keep warm sitting on an electric radiator. The metal shell is chilled and it seems to draw off all the heat like a magnet." Damp sea air and the moisture exuded from human bodies pervades the hulls, intensifying heat as well as cold. Extreme suffering is experienced in tropical waters where temperatures frequently approach body heat. During a ten-hour submerged run in the Caribbean Sea, the average loss of weight of a crew of 40 was $5\frac{1}{4}$ pounds per man!

When I heard the command to prepare for a return to the surface, I thought of Lt. C. T. Bonney, who had been introduced to me as the submarine skipper who twice had experienced the misfortune of coming up under the bottom of a surface craft. On both occasions the metal eyes of the periscopes had been torn from their sockets by churning propellers.

Our arrival at the surface was signalized with vibrations from a dolphin leap as we broke through, freeing water from the superstructure like a terrier emerging from a bath. A moment later I scrambled up through the hatch. It was good to fill one's lungs with fresh air. But below the crew still breathed oil smoke and other unpleasant odors as they tolled by artificial light.

Lt. G. C. Hern, just returned from a submarine trip across the Pacific, gave me an insight into submarine discomforts: "For 20 days we couldn't open the deck hatches, seas were running so high. Old-timers were flat on their backs with sea-sickness and you can imagine what the air was like below. The skipper lost 26 pounds."

Lt. C. F. Graham was one of the 43 survivors in the grim adventure of the S-5. A new member of the crew forgot to close an important valve as the boat made its dive. Sixty tons of ocean spouted into the hull before the flow could be checked. Luckily bottom was only 200 feet beneath the surface or the craft would have continued downward until the tremen-

dous pressure cracked her frame like an egg-shell. Even so the nose buried itself in the mud. To add to the horror salt water seeped into the batteries generating fatal chlorine gas. There were not enough gas masks to go around so the doors to the battery room were fastened, shutting off the control room with its signal apparatus. For 24 hours the crew worked in relays trying to hammer a hole through the stern which by good fortune projected above the water-line. Only five feet of the boat protruded. Success attended at last with a puncture large enough to stick an arm through. A distress signal was improvised. Three ships passed by. A fourth came to the rescue by the merest chance, for the skipper was off his course and put out to what he thought was a buoy to get his bearings. It was 37 hours from the time the S-5 started its adventurous plunge before the last man was dragged through the enlarged hole. In that space the crew had faced death in four forms, drowning, suffocation, chlorine poisoning and starvation.

I like to think that the traditions of submarine commanders are epitomized in the heroic tragedy of Ensign Marcus, who commanded the A-7. Twelve men and an officer was the complement. A-boats were the Navy's first submersibles, 60 feet overall with gasoline engines. Fumes from that fuel were an added danger. The A-7 headed out of Manila Bay. It had not gone far when a spark ignited the fumes. A red blast of flame swept through the hull and whisked out the open hatches. Of the 13 men on board but one escaped the fatal torch. An agonized mass of humanity, naked but for smoldering rags, seared and singed, with lungs wasted, twisted and groaned in the hold. With his uniform hanging in scorched tatters from his blistering naked frame, little Marcus crawled back on the bridge and with the single survivor he limped back into port. By sheer force of will Marcus docked his boat with its suffering cargo before he collapsed. He died with his men in the hospital.

The Weapons of the Next War

Condensed from *The Independent* (March 6, '26)

John Bakeless

*"The nations of the world will soon meet at Geneva to talk over the details of the next international disarmament conference. Many of their problems concern weapons of the '1919 campaign'—most terrible of the World's War offensives—which was never fought. Mr. Bakeless, whose book, *The Origin of the Next War*, is to be published this month, describes in his article the post-war developments in armaments."*

WHENEVER a disarmament conference meets, it finds new military problems confronting it and has to lay down new rules for the new weapons that have been invented or developed since the last conference met. These rules, sad to say, are frequently evaded or broken in the heat of conflict. But they are not quite useless, for their mere existence puts the first side to violate them distinctly in the wrong.

The approaching conference will have even more problems than usual. For it is meeting just seven years after the official conclusion of the greatest war in history, the technical "lessons" of which have by this time been fully digested and applied by all the armies of the world. The most deadly weapons of the World War were those prepared for the 1919 campaign, which were never used because the campaign was never fought—but the plans for which are carefully filed away in the archives of half a dozen general staffs.

In the next great war all these technical improvements will certainly be applied. On each side whole nations will be involved, rather than armies; and the use of aircraft, highly developed tanks, gas, and perhaps rays and bacteria will cause the line of distinction between combatant and

concomitant—which wore perilously thin in the last war—to disappear entirely.

It is important to note that military aviation, despite the immense advance of the last few years, is still in its infancy. Until the French maneuvers of 1909 and 1910, only a few enthusiasts believed in the military value of aircraft at all. By the end of the war, airplanes had begun to mount artillery as well as machine guns. Today, designers are already beginning to use light armor; and experiments with wireless-controlled pilotless 'planes have long been in progress. The pilotless airplane may develop quite as swiftly as radio. If that happens, the 'plane will cease to be a flying car and will itself become a projectile with a range, accuracy, and destructive effectiveness that will make the 42-centimeter siege gun of 1914 look like a child's toy.

The airplane has one further possibility that must not be overlooked. It is an ideal means of transporting troops. Mobility is the essence of successful war, and the airplane is the swiftest vehicle ever devised. Any of the passenger 'planes whose regular routes crisscross Europe is capable of carrying half a platoon of infantry or two tons of supplies. Now, imagine a country powerful enough to secure air superiority and retain it—as France, under present conditions, could probably do against any two European nations. Until its army was ready to enter the aerial transports and invade the enemy's country, the air fleet could amuse itself by unloading 300 tons of bombs a day for weeks at a time, greatly to the dismay of the hostile capital and industrial centers, with their waterworks, power plants, bridges, tunnels, pipe lines, oil tanks, railroad yards, storehouses, and other vulnerable points.

The flying transports, bearing the

invaders, could land wherever they pleased behind the enemy's battle line. A surprise attack in the rear, most dreaded of military disasters, would become a certainty for the side that had lost control of the air; for British estimates indicate that a fleet of 200 'planes can transport a brigade a day, and if allowed to continue its work for a few days—which is simple enough so long as air superiority is maintained—can land two or three divisions in the middle of the enemy's country and keep them supplied with food and ammunition.

The World War was a deadlock for four years because there were no flanks, and because frontal attacks could be stopped either by barbed wire and machine guns or by the impassable condition in which the artillery preparation left the ground. That will not happen again. A new type of motor transport developed for the 1919 campaign is now able to cross any ground. The tank was born in the midst of the Great War and has reached a far higher degree of perfection since the war closed than was ever dreamed of while the fighting was in progress. The early tanks crawled along at a snail's pace. Today, there are light tanks that can make 25 miles an hour and heavily armored tanks that can make 15 miles. At the last British maneuvers a one-man tank was introduced—a modern equivalent of the knight on horseback, with a gas engine instead of a horse!

The lightest American tank can be loaded on a motor truck and hurried at top speed to the point where roads vanish, there to be unloaded and pursue its own way across any kind of country. The amphibious tank, which floats across streams and, climbing out on the other side, continues its course on land, is already a practical device. We may yet see tanks navigating both land and sea, or submarines plunging securely beneath the waves to transport amphibious tanks or airplanes to a hostile coast.

Military chemists work in secrecy. At any moment a chemist may discover—perhaps he has already discov-

ered—a gas that will render useless every gas mask in the world. Hence, fear and suspicion, which are among the most potent of the immediate causes of war.

There remains the disconcerting probability that new and revolutionary weapons—at whose nature we can only guess—will be invented in the near future. Firearms were a startling novelty only a few hundred years ago; the airplane dates from early in the present century; gas and the tank were introduced during the Great War. And it is not likely that invention has come to a sudden halt.

Several possibilities are worth mentioning. There is, first, the possibility of warfare with bacteria. There is not the least reason why bacteria should not be sowed broadcast by airplanes, or even inserted in the enemy's streams, reservoirs, and stores of food by intelligence agents. A former German staff officer asserts that bacteriological warfare holds out "great possibilities." A country whose scholars had devised a new specific against some particular disease might readily start a pestilence with perfect safety to itself—providing it could calm the public conscience, and with efficient propaganda, this is usually quite easy.

Ray warfare is a distinct probability. It is certainly quite possible that rays or waves of some type may be discovered which will at least make it possible to stall motors at a distance. Even this would have far-reaching military effects. Experiments of this type in France are said to have advanced as far as taxicabs, to the considerable mystification of the disgusted drivers who were the unconscious subjects of the trials.

The device might be made so simple that pointing it and pressing a button would suffice to bring fleets of airplanes tumbling from the skies, while the enemy's tanks, motor lorries, artillery transports could be stopped simultaneously. The prospect opens an alluring possibility of bringing war literally to a halt at a cost no greater than a few broken necks for aviators.

WILLIAM ALVIN BROWN (p. 755), without leaving his native town of Bangor, Maine, has made himself one of the most distinguished of American newspaper men. He was born in that town in 1854, and still lives there. For 30 years he has been editor and proprietor of the Bangor Journal. He is author of a dozen or more books, among them: The Court of Bayards, The Heart of a Fool, Editor and His People, Woodrow Wilson, Politics, Calvin Coolidge.

LAWRENCE FELLERS (p. 755) has for many years been the chairman of the Criminal Courts Committee of the American Organization Society of New York. It has been his business to study the workings of the criminal code in New York and also in the other states of the Union, for comparison with New York. He has studied and analyzed the workings of crime commissions, police courts and similar agencies as perhaps no one else in this country has. He recently made a first-hand study of similar conditions in England.

DR. FRANKWOOD SWANSON (p. 755) is one of our most brilliant psychologists. From the beginning of his career as a physician in 1912 he has devoted his life to the study of psychiatry, and is now Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

CHARLOTTE FREDERICK WELMAN (p. 755) is a well-known writer. She travels almost the continent every year on lecture circuits.

OSCAR M. BULLIVANT (p. 755) has had wide experience among the injured and has made an exhaustive study of the fate of the injured man. He is a director of the Massachusetts State Bureau for the re-education of disabled citizens.

JOHN W. VAN DER BEEK (p. 755) is a young American journalist who recently spent several months in the interior of Surinam, a region occupied by Bush Negroes. He has sailed for Liberia, where he will continue his study of the Negro race. HATHER & BARNETT will shortly publish a book by him, entitled Tom-Tom.

DR. JOSEPH CROSSLAND (p. 755) is a New York neurologist of national reputation, who in recent years has written from the writing of technical books about nervous disorders to such circumstances as other fields as The Doctor Looks at Literature and The Doctor Looks at Niagara.

DR. WILLIAM S. SELLER (p. 755) prepared this article in collaboration with his wife, Dr. LENA K. SELLER, who was prominent physician, surgeon, lecturer, writer, and a leader of club activities among college women.

SEYMOUR CROWDER (p. 755) wrote this article a short while before his death. As President of the New York Stock Exchange he made a notable record as a promoter of the investing public. He labors to maintain the high standards of the Stock Exchange constitute an important chapter in American financial history.

CHARLES H. HENNINGSEN (p. 755), former United States Minister to the Argentine, writes constantly for the leading magazines. His more recent publications include Where We Are Far Eastern Politics, Quince Ministers and Presidents, and The Purple or The Red?

WILLIAM S. NEAL (p. 755), during the five-year period of total of state-owned territories in North America, was editor of the *Pennsylvanian Tribune*, and corresponded for independent dailies. He has been a watch on legislative investigations of the state-owned districts, and made numerous studies of them.

RAYMOND RECOVER (p. 755) is now director of the *Revue de France*, which he founded five years ago.

HENRY W. FARRAR (p. 755), a well-known political economist, was Editor of *The Yale Review* from 1895 to 1900, when it was especially devoted to scientific studies in the field. He is the author of *Economic Utilization of History* and many contributions to learned publications and to several general magazines.

JOHN BAKELSON (p. 755) is a former managing editor of *The Living Age*. He is the author of *The Economic Causes of Modern War*, and his latest volume, *The Origin of the Next War*, is being issued this month.

